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THE tension between Turkey and Greece over the systematic expulsion of the Greeks in Thrace and Asia Minor is still very great. The Turks allege that in certain districts the terror-stricken Greeks have fled without waiting for actual violence. Considering the nature of the violence suffered by those who have waited for it before taking to flight this is likely enough. Murders numerous enough to amount to minor massacres are reported from more than one locality. Strong diplomatic protests by some of the Great Powers have, however, been made at Constantinople, which have driven the Turkish Government into action. This, however tardy, seems to be real and to be checking the more extreme forms of disorder in several spots. The position is not yet hopeless, though Greek merchant ships in the Black Sea, which are numerous, are hurrying southwards through the Dardanelles in anticipation of war. The Bulgarian Government has indicated that it intends in the last event to remain strictly neutral. As Bulgaria has been trying to raise money in Germany, so far with very limited success, this intention will probably be adhered to.

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The repulse of the Moslem Albanian insurgents in the first series of attacks delivered by them on Durazzo seems, in spite of the loss of Colonel Thomson, the most capable of the Prince's Dutch officers, to have given the defenders a false sense of security. So encouraged were they, indeed, by this and by the arrival of reinforcements that they ventured to adopt the offensive in the hope of gaining a decisive victory over the rebels—with disastrous results. The Prince's situation now appears to be very nearly desperate, and before these lines appear his capital, unless Italy and Austria intervene, may easily have fallen. In the South the Epirotes are still waiting for a definite guarantee by the Great Powers of the concessions promised them by the International Commission. When they get it they will meet in general assembly and decide upon their answer. They can afford to bide their time and act with coolness, as it is obvious that no force exists in Albania capable of attacking them with the slightest chance of success.

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On Tuesday the French Chamber gave the Viviani Ministry a huge majority for a resolution which was purposely equivocal. The deputies declared their confidence in the intention of the Government "to pursue a policy of reforms based on the union of Republicans," etc., but the words, "approving the declaration of the Government," hitherto almost invariably included in a vote of confidence after a ministerial declaration, were intentionally omitted, in order to enable Radicals and Independent Socialists to vote for the resolution and pretend afterwards (as they *have* since pretended) that they did not express approval of the ministerial policy of maintaining the Three-Year Law. The proposal of a deputy of the Centre to add the usual words to the resolution was opposed by M. Viviani himself. Thus is the new Chamber plunged again into the evasive and dishonest tactics in which M. Briand was an adept and which have disgusted so many Frenchmen with politics. It is the old Chamber over again with all its incoherence and cowardice. M. Viviani will have to

keep himself in power, as did M. Briand and M. Barthou, by a heterogeneous majority differing in its composition according to the question under discussion.

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After a struggle lasting since the beginning of March, President Wilson has persuaded both Houses of Congress to accept his policy regarding the Panama tolls; and last Monday he was able to sign the Bill repealing the exemption granted to American coastwise shipping. His position throughout has been that, whether or not the exemption was a breach of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, the rest of the civilised world were unanimous in thinking it one, and it was not worth the United States' while in a matter of such relative unimportance to get the reputation of a treaty-breaker. No doubt he was right, and the rescinding Act will make the path of American diplomacy smoother in other directions. It will not, however, undo the worst effect of the previous American action—viz., the blow dealt to the prestige both of treaties and of arbitration by the United States' refusal to have the interpretation of this treaty arbitrated. This is made all the worse by a clause in the new Act (inserted by the Senate) reaffirming the American claim. International concord depends so much in the long run on the steady, if slow, development of loyalty to treaties and willingness to have their interpretation arbitrated, that it is not easy to measure the mischief done by the repudiation of both principles in such a quarter.

* * *

In the discussion in the House of Commons on Tuesday on the Irish Volunteers Mr. Birrell asked us to hope for a force of United Irishmen in the near future, and Sir Edward Carson explained that he was not surprised but "delighted" at the growth of the new spirit in Nationalist Ireland. Sir Roger Casement in a letter to the *Daily News* on Tuesday stated that in his experience Irish Volunteering is based on good will, and not on hatred of Ulster or of Protestants; last week at a recruiting meeting in Tyrone an appeal to Nationalists to hold out the hand of friendship to the Ulster Volunteers was loudly cheered. There will be no "split" in the Nationalists' ranks, Sir Roger Casement added, and his assurance carries weight, since he is one of the members of the Provisional Committee who is suspect with the Redmondites. The organisation will come nominally under the control of the Irish party, but it is likely to retain a good part of its early independence. Mr. Redmond will certainly not, for example, have power to disband it at his pleasure. It will be interesting to see if the new Provisional Committee—upon which orthodox Redmondites will have a majority of 20—continues to press for the withdrawal of the Arms Proclamation.

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The Admiralty's acquisition of a controlling interest in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company is interesting in several ways to the collectivist observer. It demonstrates the fact that private monopoly, even in an article of the commonest consumption like oil, can become worldwide, and the most powerful governments may find no remedy for monopolist prices but to go into business themselves. The form taken by the Government's intervention, that of acquiring a controlling interest in a company, is one which seems to be increasingly popular, especially among the German municipalities, who control many of their local services in this way. While it may not be that which a better-organised collectivity will favour, it has certain merits at our present stage of development, especially where (as in this instance) the enterprise of one State is conducted upon the territory of another. Here the acquisition of shares in the Anglo-Persian Company has enabled the international aspects of the concession to that company to remain unmodified, and neither Persia's nor Russia's consent had to be obtained for the transaction. No doubt some practical effects on our Persian policy may be entailed; but we do not at present see any reason to take a pessimistic view of them.

* * *

Not for years has England heard so much plain good sense about our administration in India as Mrs. Besant put into her speech at the crowded meeting at the Queen's Hall, last week, when Lord Brassey (whose son-in-law is now governing Bombay) presided. In language impressive by its moderation Mrs. Besant described the rapid progress now taking place in Indian thought, the unfortunate estrangement between the British officials and the educated classes, the arbitrary tyranny and partiality that mark the administration of the Press Law, the refusal of any effective representation to Indian opinion, and the way in which Indian educationists are snubbed and Indian aspirations repressed. Mrs. Besant gave instance after instance of what seemed to be very serious administrative grievances, for which no redress could be obtained. This powerful indictment of the whole spirit and working of the British administration—reproduced as it will be in every nationalist newspaper—will create a sensation in India. No Indian editor would have dared to print it as an editorial. It remains to be seen whether the Indian Government, which will hardly venture to prevent its reproduction in the great Bombay and Calcutta newspapers, will put in force the Press Law against the smaller ones. What the Indian Government ought to do is to make a reasoned reply, point by point, and justify the administration that it permits.

* * *

Scrutiny of the terms of the Finance Bill, which has now been printed, produces the impression that in more than one detail the Government has gone back on the brave words in which Mr. Lloyd George described the Budget proposals six weeks ago. Though most of the twenty-four separate Grants in Aid are rightly to be made to vary automatically with the expenditure incurred by the Local Authority (and thus encourage progressive improvements in administration) this is not to apply to the two main Grants in Aid of Poor Law and Public Health expenditure respectively, *which are to be fixed irrespective of the total sums spent.* Thus a Board of Guardians which provides properly for the children, the sick and the aged, and at great cost joins in a much-needed new institution in order to get the sane epileptics and the "senile dements" out of the general mixed workhouse, will receive no more aid than the most

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niggardly union. Even more serious is the proposal to fix mechanically the great new Grant towards Public Health administration (which is to cover housing, water supply, infant care, etc.) at three and ninepence per house under £20, and sevenpence per head of population. This means that the enemies of progress on each Council will be able triumphantly to demonstrate that every penny of expenditure, beyond the exiguous minimum that the L.G.B. might enforce, will be "dead loss" to the local ratepayer. This may be equally calamitous in its working on secondary, technical and university education (which are to get only such Grants as the Board of Education may determine) unless the amount of the Government aid is made to bear some definite relation to the local expenditure.

* * *

The result of the ballot of the London Operative Builders on the proposed settlement is at the time of writing still unknown. Mr. H. G. Wells has been trying to get the men's leaders to think out the implications of their attack on "scab labour" by pressing the *Daily Herald* for an explanation—which he has not succeeded in obtaining—of what is to happen to the non-unionists whom it is desired to exclude from the industry, and asking whether they are to be placed in a lethal chamber. For their own sake it is important that the men should realise that, heroics apart, the practicability of enforcing compulsory Trade Unionism depends both on the extent to which the workers are already organised and on the terms on which ex-blacklegs and ordinary non-unionists are admitted to the union. On the latter point we described in an article last week the regulation of the conditions of entry to the unions which compulsory Trade Unionism in Australia and New Zealand has involved. As regards the former point, it is obvious that the unionists must be at all events in something more than a bare majority in an industry before they can hope to exclude non-unionists from it; yet in the present struggle the men's leaders have never stated—very likely they do not know—what proportion the total membership of the Building Unions in London bears to the 191,205 workers who are shown by the Board of Trade statistics to be now actually engaged in the industry in the metropolis.

* * *

The discussion on Child Labour at the Congress of the International Union of Textile Workers at Blackpool at the end of last week should have a material influence on the opposition of the Lancashire cotton trade organisations to the raising of the minimum age for employment from twelve to thirteen, as proposed in Mr. Denman's Children (Employment and School Attendance) Bill. The resolution in favour of the establishment of fourteen as the minimum age was proposed by a German and seconded by a Belgian delegate, who appealed to English trade unionists not to place the Continental employers in the position of being able to oppose factory reforms on the ground that the English restrictions on child labour were less stringent than those to which they had to submit. All the Continental delegates, and a considerable proportion of the Yorkshire delegates, voted for the resolution, while the twenty-five votes cast against it, in the congress of eighty-eight delegates, all represented Lancashire. It is certainly somewhat discreditable to the English cotton trade unionists that while they receive a higher wage than the cotton operatives of any other European country, and demand a higher standard of factory regulation, as regards health, safety, and protection of wages, than any other class of English workers, they should still block the way to child labour regulation both in their own and in other trades.

* * *

The labour disputes in the Saffron Walden district of Essex and on Lord Lilford's estate in Northamptonshire, to which we referred some weeks ago, have not yet ended, and the workers have been seizing the opportunity offered by the hay harvest for an effort to secure a satisfactory settlement. In Northamptonshire some 250 men have handed in notices primarily in order to secure recognition of the right to join the Union and the reinstatement of 28 men who have been dismissed, and in at least one case evicted, for joining; but a Saturday half-holiday is also demanded. In Helions Bumpstead and five other parishes near Saffron Walden 400 men are actually on strike, their demands being a minimum cash wage of sixteen shillings (instead of fourteen or fifteen), £8 for four weeks' harvest money and a three months' tenancy of cottages. The conduct of the farmers and of Lord Lilford has been criticised in every political quarter, and we are glad to see that the Trade Union Congress Parliamentary Committee has granted £150 to the Agricultural Labourers' Union, which is now said to include twenty-five thousand members.

* * *

The Women's Co-operative Guild, which held its Congress at Birmingham this week, is a remarkable organisation. With a membership of between 30,000 and 40,000 and an annual income of something under four figures, the spirit and ability with which it is led has made it in point of political influence easily the most important of working women's organisations. For some years it has taken a prominent part in the advocacy of increased facilities for divorce, but lately a number of Roman Catholic co-operators have brought pressure to bear upon the Co-operative Union, with the result that the latter has notified the Guild that its annual grant of £400 to the Guild's funds will be renewed only on condition that it ceases its agitation on this subject. The Congress this week had therefore to decide whether they were to maintain their independence of action and lose half their income or submit to dictation from the Co-operative Union. Those who know anything of the sturdy independence of thought and character which animates the women of the guild had no doubt as to how the question would be answered. The Congress enthusiastically passed a resolution rejecting the conditions of the Co-operative Union and claiming the right to control their own policy. The subsequent discussion on the national care of maternity, conducted by experts (for the members are nearly all working-class mothers), was in every sense admirable, and a number of definite proposals were put forward to which we hope Mr. Lloyd George will give very careful consideration.

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THE RAILWAYMEN'S PROGRAMME

WE very deeply regret the decision which has been come to by the railwaymen as to the terms of the "all grades programme" which they propose to put forward in a few months' time on the termination of the existing Conciliation Scheme. The programme was formulated and published a few weeks ago by the Executive of the Union; it has now been endorsed by the Congress at Swansea, the first united Congress that has been held since the three great railway unions were amalgamated to form the National Union of Railwaymen. It contains three items: (1) a general increase of the wages of all grades by 5s. a week, (2) an eight hours day, and (3) a guaranteed day and a guaranteed week of work for those grades whose weekly remuneration depends on the amount of work which their superiors choose to allot to them. It is, as Mr. J. H. Thomas urged in recommending it to the Congress, a very simple and straightforward programme which everybody can understand; and that, admittedly, is a great merit. But—and this seems to us its great defect—it omits any demand for a minimum wage.

The reason for the omission is not very clear. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Bellamy, in speaking on the subject, have treated the demand for a minimum wage and the demand for a 5s. advance all round as if they were alternative and antithetical policies. But there is no obvious reason why both, if desired, should not be adopted. The fact that an engine driver earning 50s. a week is asking for 55s. need not prevent the porter who is earning 18s. from asking for more than 23s. We entirely sympathise with the desire of the leaders to find an intelligible and effective rallying cry which will rouse the united enthusiasm of the three hundred and fifty thousand railway workers whose wages and conditions of service differ so widely from grade to grade and company to company. Complete solidarity will be of the utmost importance in the stern struggle in which by the end of the year they may find themselves engaged; but we cannot believe that so great a sacrifice was necessary to secure it. The addition of the minimum wage to the programme even at the eleventh hour would strengthen it incalculably.

The disadvantages of the demand for an indiscriminate all-round advance are serious and unmistakable. From the point of view of the necessity of appealing to all grades of railway workers it may be the best possible cry, but from the point of view of the equal necessity of enlisting the active sympathy of the public on the side of the men it is about the worst possible. The existing differences of pay as between different grades and different railways do not correspond, with any degree of accuracy or justice, to differences in the value of the work done. During the past few years concessions have been made to particular grades on particular railways, and to the anomalies thus created are added the anomalies which exist as between men doing the same work in the same place on different railways, or sometimes even on the same railway. By comparing the case of a porter, say, who is getting 18s. at Newtown East with the case of a porter at Newtown West who is getting 25s., the railway companies and their organs in the Press will have no difficulty in producing a general impression that the demand for an all-round rise of 5s.—which will, of course, figure as the main item in the programme—is absurd and untenable. That is a very grave danger.

For what some of the railwaymen are perhaps apt to forget is that they, more than almost any other class of manual workers, are dependent for success in any industrial conflict they may undertake upon their ability to gain the moral support of the community generally. For in a railway strike it is not the railway directors who suffer most, but the public. The directors can afford, if they are put to it, to let the railways remain idle for a fortnight; the public cannot. And it is through the public, therefore, that the railway workers will have to bring such pressure as they can exert to bear upon the companies. The difference between a sympathetic and a hostile public will most probably be the difference between victory and defeat. If a strike should take place on any large scale, intervention by the Government is certain. But the present Government has no definite convictions on labour questions; its action will in any case be opportunist. Broadly, it will have the choice of two alternative policies. It may intervene to force the companies, if necessary by Act of Parliament, to grant the whole or a part of the men's demands; or it may employ troops to run the trains and smash the strike. Mr. Asquith is quite capable of adopting either alternative: which he adopts will depend primarily upon his own and the Cabinet's estimates of the attitude of the average elector on the subject. If a general impression gets about that the men are in the wrong, or that their case is in any way unreasonable, they will very soon feel the result. It was the absolutely incontestable reasonableness of the miners' demands in 1912 that secured the passage of the Minimum Wage Act.

The railwaymen have not the strategical advantages of the miners, but they have a case fully as reasonable and in many ways far stronger. There is a very general appreciation throughout all classes of the community of the fact that a great many railway workers are disgracefully underpaid and overworked. The justice of a demand for a minimum wage, and a substantial one at that, would be as universally admitted as it is now in the case of the agricultural labourer. The men have not even—as the miners had—to educate the public and create a favourable sentiment. It is there already, for them to make use of it as they are able. But that favourable sentiment will not be fostered by a proposal that present defects shall be remedied by the addition of £13 alike to the annual income of the engine driver with £100 a year and to that of the goods porter with £45 a year. Doubtless the engine driver has many grievances. He is certainly entitled to shorter hours and a guaranteed week of work. Doubtless, too, he has a strong case for the addition of 13 per cent. to his income, especially in view of the increased cost of living; but that case will be injured rather than supported by being associated—and inevitably contrasted—with the claim of the goods porter for a living wage. There is, more-

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over, the consideration that the right of the community to intervene in a labour dispute—and we assume that the railwaymen's leaders are looking for some such intervention for the fulfilment of at least part of their demands—arises primarily out of its right to see that none of its members are forced to accept an unduly low standard of life. Its position with regard to those who are already well paid in comparison with their fellows is not one of unconcern, but it is very different and at present far less clearly defined and understood.

We do not suggest that Mr. Thomas and his colleagues have not studied these considerations, but merely that they have not allowed them their due weight. The official defence of the programme as it stands is that the equal all-round advance is necessary in order to secure the full adhesion of the better paid grades, whose attitude is all-important in connection with any collective industrial action. "Were the minimum wage proposal adopted," said Mr. Thomas at Swansea, "thousands of firemen and signalmen whose wages are in the neighbourhood of 30s. a week could hardly be expected to fight for a minimum wage which they were already earning." If this is not an undeserved libel on the firemen and the signalmen, then we cannot congratulate Mr. Thomas on the spirit or the solidarity of the men whom he leads; and we venture to predict that no matter what programme is drafted the attempt to enforce it will end in defeat. But we are convinced that it is a libel; for it does not correspond to any sentiment that we have ever been able to observe amongst the organised wage-earners in this country. By all means let the railwaymen have their "all grades" programme—the eight hours day will benefit the best paid and worst paid alike—but there is no reason why each item in it should affect all grades equally. Let Mr. Thomas appeal to the engineers and the guards and the firemen to fight for the eight hours for all, but in the matter of wages to allow precedence to the claims of the bottom dog; and we do not for a moment believe he would appeal in vain. For, after all, the claims of the bottom dog are not only the most urgent, but, if they are not "queered" by being put forward in an unconvincing and illogical form, are by far the most likely to be satisfactorily met. The National Union of Railwaymen can in all probability, if they will, secure a minimum wage for the whole industry before the end of the year; an advance of 5s.—or even 2s.—a week, at one blow, for every British railwayman, they certainly will not secure.

M. POINCARÉ'S COUP

PARIS: *June 16th.*

THE political crisis in France following on the resignation of the Doumergue Ministry has been of a remarkable and very unusual character and has ended in an astonishing way. On Friday of last week the *Bloc* of the Left, formed of the Radical and Socialist parties and the small Independent Socialist group (which is not Socialist), with the assistance of seventeen members of other groups of the Left, won a striking victory over the Ribot Ministry and over M. Poincaré, who had a rebuff such as no President since MacMahon has received from the Chamber. The Radicals, who seemed at last to have pulled themselves together and become an organised party, had only to stand firm and maintain the discipline that they had exercised for a week to control the situation. It was in their power to force M. Poincaré either to accept their nominee as Prime Minister or resign. By five o'clock on Saturday afternoon the *Bloc* of the Left was broken up, the Radicals had thrown away their advantage and destroyed the effect of the victory, and M. Poincaré had succeeded in putting in power one of his own nominees, M. Viviani, nominally an "Independent Socialist," but really a Vivianist first of all and a Poincarist, if anything, afterwards.

In order to understand the situation it is necessary to go back to the beginning of the crisis. The general election resulted in a Chamber almost equally divided between the two sides in French politics, but with a working majority of the Left. On the Left were 174 members of the Radical Party (known as the "Radicales unifiés"), 103 Socialists (including the one deputy of the new revolutionary party), and twenty-two Independent Socialists, making a total of 299 out of a Chamber of 602 deputies (these are the numbers actually inscribed in the groups after the Radical Party had lost about a dozen members because it enforced discipline). On the right were 82 Reactionaries, 55 of the so-called Centre, 60 of the Democratic Alliance, and about a score of unattached, including the remnant of the extinct "Federation of the Lefts," such as MM. Briand, Barthou, Charles Dumont, André Lefèvre, Leboucq and Millerand. The remainder of the Chamber—its real Centre— was composed of ex-Radicals belonging to the two groups called "Gauche Radical" and "Républicains de Gauche," numbering rather more than eighty. These held the balance of power. The division which resulted in the defeat of the Ribot Ministry shows them to have been about equally divided; about 45 voted with the Government, seventeen against, and the rest abstained. This is the more significant since the Government was almost entirely formed from among them, and it is the tendency of French deputies to vote for any Government in its early days.

The conclusion to be drawn from these facts is that had a homogeneous Radical Government including a couple of Independent Socialists been formed immediately after the resignation of M. Doumergue, it could have counted on a majority of at least fifty. The only possible Premier was M. Combes, who, in spite of his age, is still vigorous, and is the only man who has succeeded in keeping the Radical party together. The Socialists were prepared to support such a Government, and throughout last week they were acting in close concert with the Radicals. The action of M. Poincaré since the crisis began is explained only by the fact that he, like everyone else, knew that a homogeneous Radical Ministry with Socialist support could command a stable majority; his aim was to prevent the formation of such a Ministry and to break the alliance between the Radicals and Socialists, and, thanks to the defection of certain Radicals and Independent Socialists, he succeeded at the moment when he seemed to be finally beaten. Had M. Poincaré believed that a Combes Ministry would not have a majority, he would have sent for M. Combes in the first place. He would have known that the Government would be defeated, and that he would then have his hands free to form a moderate Ministry.

M. Poincaré has departed from the spirit if not from the letter of the Constitution. In the absence of any vote of the Chamber, it was plainly his constitutional duty to send for the leader of the largest party, the Radical Party. Not only did he not do so, but, although he has consulted numerous representatives of every other group of the Left, including the smallest and most moderate, he has never consulted any authorised representative of the Radical party, except M. Doumergue in his capacity of retiring

Premier. His omission to consult M. Combes was a studied affront to the Radical Party; so was his earlier choice of M. Viviani. M. Viviani, who had voted against the Three-Year Service Law in all its stages, failed in his first attempt at Cabinet-making because certain Radicals, with a fidelity to principle almost as unexpected as it has been short lived, were less ready than himself to sell their convictions for a portfolio. Thereupon M. Poincaré vainly offered the premiership to half a dozen moderate politicians in succession, and then made the blunder of entrusting the formation of a Cabinet to M. Ribot, whom the Chamber dismissed on the day of his first appearance before it. The Radical Party was practically solid for the first time for several years; 166 Radicals voted against the Ribot Ministry, three for it and five abstained. By this blunder M. Poincaré delivered himself over to the Radical and Socialist *Bloc*, which, as I have said, was master of the situation. The logical and only constitutional consequence of the vote of June 12th, failing a joint Radical and Socialist Ministry, which was impossible and undesirable, was a Radical Ministry with Socialist support; this was admitted on Saturday even by the Conservative and reactionary Press. But M. Poincaré counted—rightly, as events have proved—on the inability of certain members of the majority to resist for more than a week the temptation of a portfolio; he again ignored the Radical Party and its leader and sent for M. Viviani, who formed a Ministry composed of eleven Radicals, two Independent Socialists (himself and M. Augagneur) and five Independent Radicals, of whom one voted on June 12th for the Ribot Ministry and the other four abstained. The new Government does not, therefore, even represent the majority of June 12th, and is not homogeneous, its members differing in regard to the Three-year Law and probably on other questions. It might be called a *salade russe*. A parallel case would occur in England if, after the defeat of a Tory Government by the united forces of the Liberals, Nationalists and Labour Party, the King sent for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and asked him to swallow his own convictions and try to detach enough Liberals to form a Government opposed to Home Rule with the aid of four or five Moderate Tories. But in England I do not think that any party of the majority would accept the situation. M. Combes, to whom M. Viviani offered a seat in the Cabinet, refused it on the ground that "one governs with the programme of one's party, not against it." This seems a truism, but the greater part of the Parisian Press considers it to show a nasty sectarian spirit. According to it, one governs with anyone that one can find and any programme that one can get hold of, provided that one governs; that is the truly liberal spirit. M. Augagneur, who until mid-day on Saturday last was an aggressive opponent of the Three-year Service Law and of M. Viviani's premiership, proved himself more "liberal" than M. Combes.

The programme of the Viviani Ministry is in certain respects an advanced one, as indeed it had to be, but it is impossible to have confidence in it if only for the reason that M. Viviani is at its head. He is of a very different disposition from M. Briand, who has been lost by his incorrigible laziness, but he is a political adventurer of the same class. The offending sentence about the Three-Year Law, which caused the collapse of the previous Viviani Ministry, has disappeared from the Ministerial declaration, but that which has taken its place has for all practical purposes the same meaning, and after to-day's vote M. Viviani is hardly likely to take the trouble to pretend that there is any difference. Moreover, behind M. Viviani is M. Poincaré and behind M. Poincaré is M. Isvolsky, the Russian Ambassador. Throughout the crisis one has felt the influence of the Russian Embassy working, as it has always worked, against the advanced parties in France. The Russian Alliance, which has cost France millions without giving her any corresponding advantage, has lain like a weight on French politics since its early days and has been one of the greatest obstacles to progress. The interference of Russia in French internal affairs, formerly secret, has now become open and insolent. The French people have been told that the Czar has personally declared his intention of denouncing the Alliance if the Three-Year Service Law is touched; that the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg and the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army have threatened to resign in the same circumstances, and that the Entente Cordiale with England is in danger—this last on the authority of the London *Times*.

As for French foreign policy, there is too much reason to believe that it will continue in M. Viviani's hands to be directed from the rue de Grenelle, as it has been since M. Poincaré became Foreign Minister. The day after M. Poincaré's election one who knows him well said to me: "C'est l'homme de son entourage" and his whole subsequent policy confirms that judgment. When he came back from St. Petersburg with the Three-Year Service Law in his pocket, had he made a secret treaty with Russia of which the law was a condition? It is impossible to say; but everything points to the hypothesis that he has at least pledged himself in such a way that his personal credit is at stake, and the alteration of the law would almost necessarily involve his resignation of the Presidency. In any case the Three-Year Law was not a reply to increased German armaments nor a measure of defence: it was forced on France by Russia for her own purposes. At the end of last week a Russian semi-official paper published a bellicose statement which is universally attributed to the Russian Minister of War, and which ended with the following sentence printed in large type: "Russia is ready and she expects France to be ready too." Ready for what? To defend herself against Germany? That is a matter as to which Russia is perfectly indifferent. If France were attacked by Germany to-morrow her ally would leave her in the lurch unless she thought it to her own interest to provoke the war with Austria that she always contemplates as a probability of the future. No; Russia wants France to be ready to support her own ambitions in the Balkans and elsewhere. There is no danger of a war between France and Germany, and the short-sighted persons who are always croaking about its possibility should put on spectacles and look further afield. The danger centre of Europe is St. Petersburg. That fact is becoming more and more recognised here, and the parties that recognise it will control French policy in the near future; their triumph is only delayed.

R. E. D.

A NAVAL CONVENTION WITH RUSSIA?

BERLIN: *June 16th.*

IN an answer given a week ago to a question in the House Sir Edward Grey did his best to reassure anxious spirits who are afraid that the Government is planning some new arrangement with Russia. On the whole he appears to have succeeded, since the few papers that ventured to criticise his statement have been severely reprimanded by the rest of the Press. The rumour of an agreement became current first in Germany. At the time of the King's visit to Paris, it will be remembered, the air was thick with proposals for the conversion of the Entente into a formal alliance. These proposals, which were supposed to have been put forward from the Russian side, received a very cold welcome in the English Press, and soon Russia itself

was talking of the inadvisability of such a step. However, if the rumours that began to appear in Germany about a fortnight ago are to be believed, this was not the end. The whole movement for the strengthening of the Entente originated, it was said, in the brain of that restless diplomat, M. Isvolsky, now Russian Ambassador in Paris, who, as Russian Foreign Minister in 1910, was prevented only at the last moment from involving Europe in a general conflict over the question of Bosnia-Herzegovina. Defeated in his hopes of an alliance by the attitude of England, M. Isvolsky attempted, we are told, to rescue at least part of his plan, and the result is the supposed negotiations for a naval agreement. So far the assertions of most journalists here are professedly founded on reliable information from Paris, the one city in Europe where diplomatic secrets never seem to be kept for more than twenty-four hours. Others go further and assert that the supposed naval convention is nothing more than a disguised alliance, and that in the future the Triple Alliance will be faced by an Entente which is an Entente only in name, an alliance in reality.

Apart from the inherent improbability of a formal alliance, we must, if it is ever possible to attach a definite meaning to diplomatic utterances, take Sir Edward Grey's words as a categorical denial that any such alliance exists. There are in existence, he said, no agreements "which would restrict or hamper the freedom of the Government or of Parliament to decide whether or not Great Britain should participate in a war." Nor, he said, were negotiations for any such agreement in progress. The careful observer may note that Sir Edward Grey's answer contained no specific denial that such proposals may have been made; he merely stated that no negotiations "had been concluded." This, however, is a point of secondary importance, and his assurance that no alliance exists may be accepted with the most complete confidence.

At the same time, at the risk of appearing captious, it must be pointed out that Sir Edward Grey's reply was no complete answer to the questions put. There are other agreements possible besides those for a definite alliance. The relations between England, France, and Russia at the moment are such that it is extremely probable in the event of a European war that the three Powers would find themselves fighting on the same side. This being so, it is a very short step towards a discussion of the naval and military action of the three Powers as a preparation for possible co-operation. It can now be accepted as an "open secret" that on two occasions at least within recent years, in 1905 and 1911, definite military agreements, whether verbal or written is of small importance, were made between England and France. These agreements were made *ad hoc*; we have been assured by Mr. Asquith—and there is no reason whatever to doubt these assurances—that if war broke out our action would not be bound or hindered in any way by any existing agreement with France. If, however, we ourselves did happen to be involved in this supposititious war, the experience gained in these earlier military conversations would obviously be at once acted upon. In the same way it is possible for an agreement to be concluded with Russia, or, less drastically expressed, for conversations to take place, as to the disposition of the naval forces of the two countries in the event of England and Russia finding themselves on the same side in some future war. The advantage of this apparently one-sided agreement for England, since at present Russia has a fleet only in name, its effects upon the general European situation, are another matter. One thing is clear; it is perfectly possible for such an agreement to be concluded without restricting or hampering "the freedom of the Government or of Parliament to decide whether or not Great Britain should participate in a war."

In the light of this fact Sir Edward Grey's declaration takes on a different character. Nothing that he said—his denial that any agreement exists, that negotiations are taking place, or that they are likely to take place in the future—affects in any way the question of such a naval or military convention. Negotiations may be even taking place at the moment without involving Sir Edward Grey in any statement of untruth. It is not suggested here that such negotiations are in progress; all that is done is to point out that his answer was by no means exhaustive.

Whether such a naval agreement is desirable, whether it is desirable to involve ourselves still more closely in an "understanding" with Russia, is another matter. From the purely naval standpoint, as has been already suggested, the advantages would appear to be doubtful. About the indirect effects on naval competition there can be no doubt whatever. Already the rumour alone is being used here in Germany to point out the necessity of another increase in the navy. Should this come we are not likely to sit quietly by, content with the advantage gained through possible Russian co-operation. An English reply would be sure to follow, and the result would be a general speeding up of naval competition on both sides. To Russia this would, of course, be most desirable. The disquieting attention which Germany has been recently paying to its army would be turned once more to the sea. Russia would be able to proceed with its own land preparations, secure in the conviction that Germany is not likely to reply so long as it is busy strengthening its fleet.

In Germany the prospects are judged more darkly. Russia, it is said, is the one really aggressive Power in Europe, and the certainty of being covered at sea by the English fleet would be a direct encouragement to attack. These fears are probably exaggerated, but it is difficult to deny that they have some ground. The events of the Balkan War, to go back no further, show clearly that there the disturbing element was Russia, and that Germany, combined with England, strained every nerve for the preservation of peace. The advantages to Russia, could it be in any way certain of success, of a European war are obvious, the advantages to Germany are not. Any disturbance of the balance of forces to the advantage of Russia would, then, seem to bring nearer the possibilities of war.

For Russia any increase of intimacy with England is a direct gain. The Franco-Russian Entente of the early 'nineties opened the markets of Paris to the almost bankrupt Russian State. The Anglo-Russian Entente of the present day has done the same for the markets of London. That France obtained a profitable bargain is doubtful, that England has secured any advantage from the Treaty of 1907 is still less clear. The Entente of that year brought us to the brink of war in the early months of 1910. A few months later Russia made a Treaty behind our backs with Germany, giving up its opposition to the Bagdad Railway scheme. Over Russia in Manchuria and in Persia it is unnecessary to speak. Our helplessness before the Russian advance in both countries is only too apparent. Experience in the past, it must be admitted, does not promise much for those who bargain with Russia in the future.

Why, if there be any truth in these rumours, the negotiations for a naval agreement should have been entered upon at the present moment, except as a sop to the ambitions of Russia and of M. Isvolsky, it is impossible to explain. For the first time since the turn of the century our relations with Germany have become, we are told, those "of complete confidence." The Bagdad Railway question is now as good as settled. Yet an Anglo-Russian naval convention, were it to be concluded, would at one blow sweep us back into the old era of enmity and distrust.

These are, in short, the considerations to which the possibility of a naval convention with Russia give rise. That such a convention could be concluded without the knowledge of the English public is obvious. The secret agreements with France and Spain over Morocco, the two *ad hoc* military arrangements with France, are sufficient proof of this, if proof is needed. Why they should be kept secret, however, is not so clear. It cannot be doubted for a moment that Germany and the other Powers concerned are already fully aware of what is going on. Certainly, so long as no unequivocal denial has been given, they will act, in their own interests, as if such an agreement were in existence, or is at least being planned. For the English public, too, it is surely better that they should know the full extent of their liabilities.

It is possible, of course, that this whole story of an impending naval agreement is nothing more than a "canard" brought to life through the activities of over-zealous diplomats and of over-nervous German publicists. One hopes that it may be so. But until Sir Edward Grey speaks more clearly one has not the right to dismiss it as absurd. The assertions to the contrary that are being circulated over the whole continent, and circulated, not by journalists of an irresponsible kind, but by those who as a rule are best informed on matters of this kind, are too positive to allow this to be done. B.-H.

THE IRISH LABOUR PARTY

(FROM A DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE Irish Trade Union Congress which met at Whitsuntide was remarkable for the launching of a new variety of political organisation for Labour. It is now two years since the Congress (at Clonmel, Whitsuntide, 1912) decided, in face of considerable opposition from the supporters of the older political parties, that, Home Rule or no Home Rule, the time had come for Irish Labour to organise a political party of its own. This year the constitution of the Irish Labour Party was definitely settled; and it is noteworthy, as a sign of the advance made in two years, that the Congress (97 delegates, representing 80,000 Irish workers) no longer showed the slightest sign of division on the propriety of forming an Independent Labour Party. It is to be a purely Irish Labour Party, not affiliated or in any way organically connected with the British Labour Party. The British Labour Party desired that the Irish Party should be merely an affiliated branch, and several conferences were held on this point during the past year; but the Irish Executive decided, and were upheld by Congress, that the new Irish Labour Party must have no connection with the British Party other than the friendly relations which it hopes to maintain with organised Labour throughout the world.

The most interesting thing about the new party is that it is to be a Trade Union party pure and simple—neither a Socialist party, as on the Continent of Europe, nor a combination of Socialist and Trade Union bodies as in Great Britain. It is, in fact, to be the Irish Trade Union Congress under a new name, functioning in a different way. The body which hitherto bore that name is henceforward to be called the "Irish Trade Union Congress and Labour Party"; it is to add the direction of Labour's political struggle to its previous work in the industrial field. A single unified body, with a single executive, will have the conduct of the Irish Labour fight in both spheres. Mr. George Barnes, M.P., has congratulated the Irish workers on having thus avoided the multiplication and overlapping of committees and officers. This unitary method is mainly due to the influence of Mr. Larkin, whose reiterated view is that Trade Unions should include everybody, and do everything for themselves. In the same spirit he urges the Trade Unions to take up and run the co-operative movement, and to form their own Citizen Army instead of joining the National Volunteers. It is to be noted, however, that Mr. Larkin is not "Syndicalist" in the sense of abjuring political action; he strongly supports political action, but it must be under the control of the Unions.

Mr. Larkin's presidency, and the manner in which his personality dominated the Congress, is specially significant when we remember that a few years ago he was a sort of outlaw and was not allowed to sit as a member of the Congress. It is the first time an unskilled worker has presided at the Congress; it is also the first time that the Presidential Address has been delivered extempore. It is generally agreed that Mr. Larkin made a bad Chairman for the routine work of the Congress, his impatience and volubility tending to retard rather than to accelerate progress; but his address was at once eloquent and practical, emphasising the lessons of solidarity in the present and aspiring to the co-operative commonwealth of the future. Mr. Larkin, to those who watch him at close quarters, seems to have matured considerably during recent months. The raucous note which once habitually disfigured his utterances—the natural outlet for the feelings of a man who was regarded as, and felt himself to be, an Ishmael—has been greatly softened; without losing vigour, he has lost some bitterness. He is now the acknowledged leader of the Irish Labour movement, and is looked to for inspiration even outside of Ireland; and this assured and recognised position invests him with a new calmness and confidence. He has around him a number of able men—Messrs. Connolly, Johnson, O'Brien, and others—who, while lacking his extraordinary personal magnetism, are his superiors in matters of detail, and between whom and himself strong mutual confidence has been cemented by the great struggle they passed through together last year. There is every prospect that the new Irish Labour Party will be a competent and active group in the Home Rule Parliament.

The dice have, of course, been loaded against it in advance by the Home Rule Bill. The Congress demanded that the Amending Bill should make provision for (1) increased urban representation, (2) proportional representation on the Single Transferable Vote system—a minority, including Mr. Larkin, favoured the Alternative Vote—and (3) votes for women. It also protested, by a vote of 84 to 2, against any exclusion of Ulster, however partial or temporary, from the Home Rule Bill. Temporary exclusion, it was urged, would mean that the old party cries would still be used to keep the workers asunder; Nationalist workers would be exhorted to concentrate on winning Ulster back, and therefore not to press for any labour legislation that might frighten the Ulster capitalists; while Belfast

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Unionist workers would be similarly held in bondage to the idea of making the exclusion permanent. Noteworthy speeches were delivered on this motion by several Belfast delegates, who said that they believed they were voicing the opinions of their fellow-workers in Belfast in holding that, if Home Rule must come, it was better to sink or swim with the rest of Ireland.

The Congress, as a whole, gave an impression of an alert and capable Irish working-class, ably led, preparing to work out its own salvation without further regard to the shibboleths which have so long prevented development on democratic lines in Ireland. The great majority were, of course, Nationalists; but no single member of the Congress made any attempt to defend Mr. Redmond's party or policy, and Mr. Larkin's scathing condemnation of both was enthusiastically received. For nobody has the Home Rule Parliament bigger surprises in store than for Mr. Redmond.

THE SALVATION ARMY

THE Salvation Army has once more invaded London with its wild colours, and delegates from all the street-corners of the civilised world are to be seen smiling down the Strand, gay as a host of Post-Impressionist sunshades. It is no small thing for the Salvation Army to have commanded the homage of the capital of the British Empire in this way. General Booth's success in bringing the world to his feet, so that kings asked to see him and newspapers sent their reporters after him as though he himself were a monarch, is the most remarkable example of the power of single-minded belief that the modern world can show. Here was a man without a single external advantage—without money or position or culture or backing—who before he died had studded the world with the blaring camps of his Army, so that to-day we see the ends of the earth sending their messengers to London to declare the world-wide significance of his work. It is the kind of miracle which only happens in the history of religions. People pretend to be astonished by a phenomenon like the growth of the Ulster Volunteers, stimulated or kept going by the subscriptions of dukes and millionaires. But there is no difficulty in running a movement like that at all, with rich men emptying their pockets into it as though it were a roulette table. General Booth built up his movement on the pennies of the poor. We doubt if he ever had a single duke among the contributors to his funds. His miracle was a miracle of faith. It was a miracle also of imagination.

Perhaps there was something about him not only of the Christian Apostle but of Lord Northcliffe. Just as Lord Northcliffe saw that there was room for a half-penny paper, General Booth saw that there was room, as it were, for a halfpenny religion. We say this without disrespect. There had grown up a penny solemnity in the Churches as well as in the Press, and General Booth was the first to see in sensationalism a new method of popularising religion. Not quite the first, perhaps, but at least he was the first in modern times to organise religious sensationalism on a huge scale throughout the world. He saw that it was hopeless to go to men and women who were leading sensational lives of drink and lust and ask them to abandon these for the dull black-and-white religion which the Churches offered. He resolved to make religion as exciting as the most fiery whiskey and as passionate as the most disreputable love affair and to give sinners a Christianity which was an honest substitute for their old emotions instead of a mere powder to lower their temperatures. His policy has certainly been justified by results. It may be that it is also justified in accordance with a reasonable philosophy of religion. Oscar Wilde argued in *De Profundis* that it was Christ's aim to convert interesting sinners into interesting saints, but on no account into commonplace respectable persons. Certainly, most of the Churches before General Booth's time forgot to make their converts interesting. The converted man simply went into retirement from his sins. General Booth changed all that. He put trumpets to the lips of his converts and made them play music-hall tunes. He ordered them into costumes with plenty of red about them, and sent them marching down the streets as conscious of their looks as soldiers tramping down Knightsbridge. He encouraged them to sing as exuberantly as if they had been at a "free-and-easy" in the back parlour of a public-house. He set them telling stories of their sins as excitedly as if they had still been sinners. Occasionally, as we have watched a band of Salvationists marching with banners and shouting down the streets, we have felt as though we were in the presence of a transmuted Bacchanalianism. We do not notice the Bacchanalian element so much as we used to do: even the Salvation Army is growing respectable as it is becoming more and more accepted; but we are sure that the orgiastic element in it had a great deal to do with its original success. We remember how in a little back street many years ago we used to see the initiates abandoning themselves to wild rhythms like dancers, while amid the rattle of the drums and the clash of cymbals enthusiasts would call upon the holy name like pre-Christian Bacchantes chanting among the hills.

We confess to feeling a certain sympathy with these jubilee ecstasies. Many sensitive people shrink from their vulgarity as from something belonging to the gutter, but it is possible to achieve humanity by way of vulgarity. The Salvation Army has merely made a crude attempt to annex for religion, as the Catholic Church once did, the arts of music and colour and everything else that makes life imaginative instead of somnolent. Their appeal is to a mass of human beings who care no more for Palestrina and Fra Lippo Lippi than for kumatology, but who love "Yip-i-addy-i-ay" and the coloured pictures on grocers' calendars. The Salvation Army offers the back streets religion in terms of things the back streets know and care about. Many years ago we were present at a Salvation Army meeting in a little hall where a young man got up and sang a hymn to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." We remember two lines of the chorus, which ran:

> Still we will boom away
> Jesus is risen to-day!

No music-hall singer could have put more gaiety into his song. In the course of it his voice failed ludicrously

with one of the high notes. He paused, gave his chin a push upwards with the back of his hand, and said, "Sorry, my face slipped," after the music-hall manner, and amid roars of laughter resumed his hymn. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that every Salvation Army meeting is a merry meeting. We have heard Salvationists singing a most lamentable hymn running "There'll be no more public-houses over there," with no suggestion in their voices that there will be any other sort of cheerfulness either, and we have occasionally seen captains who conducted the services with the air of gloomy inquisitors. It would be impossible, of course, to keep this gloom entirely away from any body of human beings who are convinced that life at its best is a hairbreadth escape from the flames of hell. But it is to the credit of the Salvation Army that it has done so much as it has to keep itself clear of the stupefied gloom of the hell-fire religions. It is as though it had taken to heart the happy counsel of Mazzini: "Save the souls of others; don't bother about your own." Other religious bodies are, by comparison, mere comfortable associations of the saved. Even in their missionary efforts most of the adherents do little beyond putting money in the slot, in the hope that converts will be produced as a result like chocolate from an automatic machine. It is the fact that in the Salvation Army every man and woman who joins becomes a missionary that makes them go about the business of living so cheerfully. They go forth in the high spirits of conquerors of the world. They are under a spell more wonderful even than the spell of Napoleon, which makes them indifferent to toil and ridicule and danger.

There is, in one sense, no more democratic body in existence than the Salvation Army. It really holds, as very few of us hold, the central democratic belief that every man and woman has a soul worth saving. It is difficult enough in these days to believe that one has a soul oneself. It is next door to impossible at times to believe that other people have. With the Salvationist, however, neither rags nor drunkenness have any power to hide the soul of man. Though we are covered with the sores of shameful diseases, and though our filthiness is as a garment, the Salvationist insists upon seeing in us the makings of an angel. Many of us may hold the same theory, but the Salvationist more than the representative of any of the other Churches actually runs after the sinner and treats him like a lost prince who must be brought back at all costs to his inheritance. This explains why the Salvation Army has been successful above all other bodies in reclaiming wastrels and criminals. It has made of them, not readers of tracts, but visionaries. It is possible, of course, to doubt the value of this visionary quality in human life. Thirty or forty years ago we had an idea that if only we could all be perfectly reasonable all would be well with the world. There is no doubt, however, that the ideals for which men live and die are not ideals which have been reasoned out, but ideals captured by the emotions and the imagination. Ideals, it may be objected in regard to popular religion, captured by fear; and, indeed, there is no denying that there is a certain egoism in being saved, as in the case of the gaoler who appealed to Paul during the earthquake. On the other hand, this egoism is, on the whole, superior to most other egoisms. It at least results in more comfortable bedrooms in the slums. There are few of us who are asking ourselves even so decent a question as "What must I do to be saved?" The question as to what we must do to make a living keeps most of us as busy as we want to be till it is time to sleep. Besides, it is impossible to dismiss any religion as a mere quest for rewards. It is a quest for truth—for what may be called imaginative truth. It is as unselfish, we imagine, as any other quest to which men devote their lives. Certainly, it is not merely by appealing to the profit-and-loss considerations of men and women that the Salvation Army has become such a power. It is because it has brought into the life of the mean streets the reality of the imagination, the exaltation of love, the compelling soul of faith.

HOW GERMANY DEALS WITH "EXCESSIVE SICKNESS"

(BY AN INVESTIGATOR.)

NOW that the Government Committee on "Excessive Sickness Claims" under the National Insurance Act is considering its report, and the Cabinet is presumably making up its mind how to spend the million and a quarter that the House of Commons has already voted, a note as to the German practice may be useful.

The German *Krankenkassen* long ago found their sickness claims "excessive," in comparison with actuarial expectations, just as the British Approved Societies have done. In Germany, too, as here, it was soon realised that, whatever malingering there might be, the bulk of the excess of payments was due to a real excess of sickness. This has been met, in the main, not by any refusal or reduction of benefits, but by improving the medical attendance and treatment.

I have just spent some months in Germany, going from one *Krankenkasse* to another, in order to see exactly what the German administrators were doing with regard to some of those improvements in the medical service which Mr. Lloyd George is believed to be considering for Great Britain, but which are apparently meeting with professional or bureaucratic obstruction.

First, with regard to the services of a consultant or a specialist—that "second opinion" which it is admitted should always be available whenever the "panel doctor" is baffled in diagnosis, or unable to give the treatment required. Every German *Krankenkasse* that I visited affords to its members, *in addition to the ministrations of the general practitioner*, access to a published list of medical and surgical specialists. At Hamburg there are 11 for a membership in the general organisation of about 45,000; at Dresden 63 for 140,000; at Lübeck 21 for 26,000; at Plauen 20 for 61,000 members. The Hamburg shopkeepers' organisation provides 20 for its 80,000 members; the Hamburg carpenters have 14 for their 6,000 members; whilst two employers' funds, with a few thousand members each, have four and three respectively.

These specialists are entered in the list as available respectively for eyes, for teeth, for skin diseases, for

diseases of the generative system, for women's diseases, for affections of the larynx, for diseases of the kidneys, for digestive troubles, for obstetric cases, and so on. Others are available for surgery, and there is even provision for Röntgen-ray examinations, for massage, and for homœopathic treatment.

The extent to which this "second opinion" and specialist treatment is used may be judged from the amount paid to the specialists in comparison with that paid to the ordinary panel doctor. These German specialists are, of course, not usually of the competence and costliness of our great London experts. They constitute a grade hardly represented in England as a special grade, and their fees are not so much in excess of those of the ordinary practitioner as those even of our general consultants in a provincial centre. Whether or not their scientific knowledge and professional skill may be rated as generally equal to that of our ordinary consultants I do not pretend to judge. The point is that the best available local talent of a specialised kind is employed, *in addition to the panel doctor*, to an extent to be measured by the following figures. The Lübeck insurance organisation paid last year £3,040 to its consultants and specialists, as compared with £7,574 to its general practitioners; Dresden, £11,270 compared with £28,899; a Chemnitz employers' fund, £2,061 compared with £4,323; the Hamburg shopkeepers, £9,461 compared with £19,100; the Hamburg carpenters as much as £909 compared with £1,188, and so on. The general average of the figures I have obtained points to a usual payment for consultant and specialist services of about 40 per cent. of that paid in the aggregate to the general practitioners.

But I must pass on to the diseases treated. So far as I could ascertain the German *Krankenkasse* excludes from treatment no disease whatsoever. The administrators whom I consulted simply could not understand me when I said that the British system provided no treatment for dental trouble, or for any but trivial ophthalmic cases, or for any surgical case beyond the competence of the ordinary general practitioner. "How then, can you get the patients cured and off the books for sick pay?" they asked me. Rather than go on paying sickness benefit week after week, they aim at giving the best possible medical or surgical treatment to every case. They told me that they drew unhesitatingly on all the local talent, medical or surgical—nor did they always stop at the talent available locally.

As to institutional treatment, all the *Krankenkassen* that I visited sent patients freely to hospitals, and they seemed to have available sufficient accommodation to avoid any "waiting lists." This was another point that seemed incomprehensible to the administrators. That they should incur the cost of sickness benefit for six or ten weeks merely because there was no hospital bed available for the patient appeared to them incredible waste. "No wonder you find the amount of your sickness benefit excessive," one of them said to me. And it must be remembered that the *Krankenkassen*, unlike our Approved Societies, pay for every patient whom they send to hospital at from 2s. 3d. to 4s. 3d. per day (usually 2s. 6d.). Thus the Munich organisation (183,000 members) paid no less than £49,326 last year to the hospitals; that of Chemnitz (69,646 members), £10,089; that of Dresden (140,000 members), £28,900; that of Lübeck (26,953 members), £4,882. The relative use of specialists and hospitals varies; thus the Dresden organisation prefers specialists, while that of Munich prefers the institutions. All the *Krankenkassen* make free use of convalescent homes, paying from 2s. to 4s. per day for their members (Munich, £10,543; Dresden, £9,538; Plauen, £4,564).

The third point is adequacy of appliances. Here, too, so far as I could ascertain, *nothing is excluded*. Whatever is necessary to enable a member to recover, or to return to work, is supplied (including trusses, crutches, artificial limbs, spectacles), sometimes up to a fixed limit of cost. "But how otherwise could we get the patient into work again?" a bewildered official asked me.

Finally, here are specimen statistics of cost per member for doctors (both general practitioners and consultants or specialists), for institutional treatment (including hospitals and convalescent homes) and for medicines and appliances:

Name of Insurance Organisation.	Doctors.		Institutions.		Medicines, etc.	
	Cost per Member	Per cent. of total expenditure.	Cost per Member	Per cent. of total expenditure.	Cost per Member	Per cent. of total expenditure.
	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.	
Dresden ...	8 2½	18·45	5 7	15·73	4 8¾	13·21
Chemnitz ...	5 7	15·40	3 9¾	7·70	3 3¾	9·30
Munich ...	6 11¾	15·10	8 2½	17·88	4 2	9·13
Plauen ...	5 9	25·61	2 6½	11·47	3 3	14·78
Hamburg Carpenters	8 11½	19·80	5 7	12·50	4 8¾	10·50

Thus these German *Krankenkassen*—and they are typical—are paying from 11s. 6d. to 19s. 4d. per member for what Mr. Lloyd George is trying to get for 9s. No wonder our Approved Societies find their payments for Sickness Benefit mount up! For the point is that these German administrators have not provided these consultants and specialists, these hospitals and convalescent homes, these medicines and appliances—all out of the Insurance funds—from any motives of philanthropy. They have been gradually driven to do it, even against their wishes, *in order to stop the drain of excessive sick pay*. They have provided these extra medical services, at great cost, *out of sheer economy*. They declare that they found it ruinously extravagant to provide—as Mr. Lloyd George has so far provided—nothing but the diagnosis and treatment of the panel doctor. That way bankruptcy lies. The patients must not merely be dosed and relieved: it is essential on financial grounds actually to cure them, and to cure them without even a week's unnecessary delay.

THE PURITANS OF INDIA

TO many persons one of the surprises of the recent Indian Census was its revelation that the newly established Arya Samaj—the movement in which some observers see, of Hindooism, the Protestant Reformation or the Puritan Revival—numbered as many as a quarter of a million adherents.

And these adherents are of more than statistical importance. They are, for the most part, of what we should call in England the professional classes, though some of the recent industrial development of the Punjab is in their hands, and one of their striking achievements is the inclusion and uplifting of the "depressed classes." Throughout the Punjab and the United Provinces—to some extent also in Central India, Rajputana, and Bombay Presidency—the discreet enquirer finds a large percentage, often a majority, of the minor Civil Servants, schoolmasters, local pleaders, medical practitioners, and other active citizens belonging to this modern movement. One British official said that ninety per cent. of his native subordinates were in its ranks. Especially during the past decade have the "Aryas" penetrated to other parts of India, and spread, indeed, in ones and twos, all over the world. Even within the British Isles there are a hundred or more of them, mostly students, doctors, officials or writers. Last Monday Mr. Lajpat Rai presided at an Arya Samaj dinner in London, where there gathered together specially those who had been educated at its justly celebrated "D.A.V. College" of Lahore, established, managed, and taught exclusively by natives of India, without a shred of Government patronage or aid; and now counting over 1,700 boys at school and 900 University undergraduates in residence, who annually, in open competition, carry off the lion's share of degrees and honours at the Government University of the Punjab.

Mr. Lajpat Rai is known to the British official world as the Lahore advocate who, in 1910, was suddenly snatched from his practice by order of the Punjab Government, and deported by special train and steamer to Mandalay, where he was detained in prison indefinitely without trial, without examination before any tribunal or official, and even without being informed of the accusation, if any, that was made against him. This arbitrary action was taken under a law of a hundred years ago which is still in force; and it is one of the things that Lord Morley's friends have ever failed to understand that, as Secretary of State for India, he allowed this extraordinary piece of Czarism to take place, and expressed no public disapproval of it—though the deportee was brought back after six months' imprisonment in exile. To this day no explanation has been given to Mr. Lajpat Rai why he was thus forcibly deported; no accusation has been brought against him; no apology has been made to him; and no compensation tendered. What the British officials say privately is that Mr. Lajpat Rai had to be sent away because—the Punjab Government losing its head in a panic—he was thought to be becoming the too-powerful leader of an organisation the objects of which the Government failed to comprehend. That organisation was the Arya Samaj.

The Arya Samaj is undoubtedly a potent ferment in the Punjab, combining what may be called a "Protestant" reformation of the secular abuses and legendary accretions of orthodox Hindooism—a reversion from "Ecclesiasticism" to the (Vedic) "Scriptures"—with a Puritan simplification of life and a "Roundhead" insistence on the development of an independent Indian life and thought. Its founder, Swami Dayananda, was a Gujerati of Kathiawar, who never learnt a word of English; a Brahmin by caste, and by unmistakable vocation a Saddhu or holy man, a wandering ascetic of the sternest and most uncompromising type, without any knowledge of European civilisation or languages, but learned in the Sanskrit scriptures and expressing himself with eloquence and lucidity in Gujerati, and latterly also in Hindi. Wandering up and down Northern and Central India between 1873 and 1883—just when English thought was rejoicing in the most scientific materialism and commercialism—Dayananda preached a monotheism of an exalted type, and the union of a spiritual asceticism with an elaborate ritual and strictly defined rules of conduct for every department of life. In form, what he insisted on was the going back to the Vedas, in which, disregarding all subsequent commentaries or additions, he found the germs of all knowledge and all wisdom. What is accessible to us of his teaching is contained in a remarkable volume, an English translation (entitled *The Light of Truth*) of his collected writings, which seems to have remained unnoticed by English scholars or the English Press. After his death in 1883 the numerous small groups of those whom he had impressed, and whom he had designated the "Society of the Aryan Race," came together in a closer bond of union, and have since developed into a steadily growing new religious and social movement.

There are, it is said, two distinct factors in every new religion: the magnetic influence of its founder and the practical application of his teaching by the first generation of his followers. In the Arya Samaj, which is still only a third of a century old, we see developed two great qualities of personal character: self-effacement in the service of Hindoo society and self-reliance towards the external world (which is apt to mean the British Raj). No one who knows anything of the Punjab of the past decade can fail to be impressed not only by the gentle grace and purity of life and spiritual elevation of motive of these tens of thousands of comparatively obscure folk, but also by the heroic self-sacrifice and devotion which they put, on the one hand, into the service of their movement, for which many have suffered persecution, and on the other into any piece of social duty—education of the depressed classes, plague work, famine relief—that needs to be done. And with this moral elevation go also an indomitable courage and an almost aggressive pugnacity in cutting loose from the conventions of caste and Brahminism, the conventions of Western pedagogy, and finally, we must add, the conventions of British officialism.

One of the leading factors in the regeneration of the Hindoo race, for which the Arya Samaj looks, is to be the development of an indigenous educational system. The first outcome was the establishment of the Dayananda Anglo-Vedic College at Lahore, to which we have already referred, with its grade after grade of school, capped by its extensive University College. This institution, now in its twenty-seventh year, is a monument not only of the devotion of the Aryas, but also of the organising capacity of the Hindoo race. It is, and always has been, governed exclusively by representatives of the Arya Samaj; it is staffed exclusively by Hindoos, Parsees, and Mussulmans. Its first principal and real intellectual founder has spent his whole life in its administration without fee or reward of any kind, and its extensive and highly qualified staff get only bare subsistence. But from the standpoint of the most deeply religious of Dayananda's followers it had one flaw. The organisers of the College, intent on attracting into it all types of Hindoo youths, and on training them for the rough and tumble of the world's work, did not think it expedient to accept the stern rules of ascetic discipline, the elaborate ritual, and the concentration on Sanskrit studies in which Dayananda had seen the way to create a new

and virile Hindooism. Hence the foundation of the still more famous Gurukula, at Hardwar, perhaps the most interesting educational experiment in the world. Situated in the beautiful scenery of the Upper Ganges, within sight of the snow-clad Himalayas, isolated from all mundane influences, there has arisen during the past twenty years a new type of monasticism. The principal and all the teachers give their services gratuitously in return for maintenance; in fact, they lead a self-chosen life of obedience and poverty, though most of them are husbands and fathers. The boys are admitted at 7 years of age, and remain until they are 25, paying nothing for tuition or board, never once visiting their homes or parents or their native villages; allowed to see no women, or even be seen by any; living day and night under the closest scrutiny of, and in company of, their teachers. For the first seven years of their training their whole attention is concentrated on Sanskrit and the Vedas, combined with the regular practice of religious rites and strenuous physical training. At 14 they are introduced to the languages and science of Western civilisation, and from thence onward laboratory work and Western culture, studied largely through the vernacular, take up most of their school hours. At 25 they are assumed to be accomplished servants of India, and they then choose the particular vocation in which they will work. There is even an attempt made to provide them (but not before 25) with wives whose training has been as strenuous and as elaborate as their own, and who must—on this Dayananda had laid stress—be of full age. But perhaps the most eccentric feature, from the Indian point of view, is the obliteration of all caste distinctions. Among the 300 boys now at Hardwar there are members of almost every caste, from the Brahmin to "the Sweeper," all living a completely communal life. How deeply rooted the caste system is and how difficult to disturb even with the aid of the immense prestige of Western learning and Western ideals is a matter of common knowledge. Yet here we have it attacked, and successfully attacked, in the name not of the West, but of the revived and purified ideals of the East.

These two remarkable institutions, the Dayananda Anglo-Vedic College at Lahore and the Gurukula at Hardwar, represent only a fraction of the educational work of the Arya Samaj. Throughout the Northern provinces of India its branches are engaged in every type of educational service, from missionary lectures for adults to special schools for the children of the low castes and criminal tribes whom orthodox Hindooism refuses to touch. The present writer has a vivid memory of a little wooden building in a village of the State of Baroda. Here a Brahmin and his wife and children, with another Brahmin as assistant, both of high intellectual attainments and social position, were living day and night with a score or two of children of the lowest and most despised castes. These children were not only being mentally and physically trained, but were being initiated into the Vedic rites and given the sacred thread, which have, for thousands of years, been monopolised by the higher castes. This is only a sample of the educational work, and the educational work is only a small part of the social service, which the Arya Samaj is doing in Northern India—to the perplexity of the average unimaginative and somewhat "unspiritual" British official, who cannot imagine "what it is that these people are after," and is therefore apt to suspect them of "sedition."

THE SYNTHESIS OF FOOD—A MORE EXCELLENT WAY

THE chemist in his laboratory fails to rival the doings of the plant in those myriad laboratories which we call its living cells. The synthesis of food for practical purposes is a failure, as we saw last week, whether it be the construction of proteins or the mere assembling of certain food-stuffs in order to provide what purports to be an equivalent for milk. But there is a more excellent way, so novel, so successful, so startlingly hopeful, that it deserves, by way of contrast and emphasis, an article to itself.

The human chemist is here left aside, but his methods may be learnt from. Before he achieved synthesis he needed to complete analysis. The first task is to find out the elements, or simple sub-compounds, of which large and highly complex molecules are made, and then to make new such compounds by novel combinations of the ingredients thus obtained and comprehended. Thus, for the construction of veronal or some other hypnotic, the chemist requires to analyse previously existing hypnotics, stimulants, depressants, and what not. In due course he notes that some particular atomic combination, perhaps of carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, is hypnotic, another depressant, another stimulant, another makes for early excretion from the body, another is chemically such as to accumulate. Let him then, if possible, effect a synthesis between the sub-compound or "radicle" that produces sleep, that which stimulates, and that which promotes excretion, carefully excluding that which depresses, and he may hope to provide the clinician with a drug, of the class of veronal, which will supersede all existing hypnotics in the treatment of many kinds of insomnia. The point here is that, until the analysis has been effected, synthesis is out of the question.

Synthetic chemistry has long held a place of glory, without a rival; but in this article it may be shown that a rival has appeared. It is not merely possible to conceive a synthetic biology—it is already possible to handle, to admire, it may be to fondle, it may be to consume, its products. The synthetic biology of the near future will provide us with an infinite number of new forms of life for use, for beauty, for company, for all the needs of man. But we must have an analytic biology first, as synthetic chemistry must follow analytical chemistry.

The methods of analysis, however, are highly dissimilar in the two cases. Living things reproduce themselves, and, in a deeper sense than scalpel, microscope, and test-tube between them can rival, it is by their fruits that we know them. In more modern language, the method of analysis in biology is genetic—a method which, by the nature of the case, can have no parallel outside the world of life. When Mendel, in his cloister garden more than half a century ago, was making those simple experiments which, little though he or any of his contemporaries thought it, were destined to end an age and to inaugurate a wiser in biology, he was, in fact, analysing the genetic constitution of the peas and bees and other living forms which he studied. His modern followers have carried such analyses so much farther

that the possibility of new syntheses has been discerned and realised.

Last week we saw that the empire of the plant was unchallenged in the domain of food-synthesis. The best illustration is the plant we call wheat, which is at once strictly typical and pre-eminent. Standing in sunlight it constructs proteins which, though vegetable and notably different in internal structure from those of any animal, are nevertheless admirably adapted for the formation of human proteins by the internal chemistry of our bodies. We cannot rival the plant in this respect. But we can do something better; we can synthetise new synthetisers. By genetic analysis of various forms of wheat we can ascertain the Mendelian "factors" which are responsible for certain characteristics in the individual plant, and when this analysis has reached a certain stage we can effect, by appropriate cross-breeding, new syntheses, thus providing ourselves with forms of plant-life to which we may safely leave the rest.

For many past years I have lost no opportunity of drawing attention to the work along these lines which has been done at Cambridge, and of which Professor Biffen himself gave an account, so modest as to be almost misleading, in the recent "Food Supplement" of the *Times*. In this country we should be better acquainted with the work of an Englishman, which stands to the credit of English science, which is of more importance for the future of our nation than of any other, and which has led foreign countries to offer Professor Biffen alien Chairs and large resources, fortunately for us in vain. At the same time it must be admitted that if he had gone to Vienna no one could have complained, for his work is only the extension of that which was done long ago by an Austrian (or Silesian) monk.

An exposition of Mendelism can scarcely be dragged sideways into a mere note such as this present writing. Merely we observe that, when the study of agriculture in Cambridge was reorganised some years ago, Professor Bateson's influence, as the master of modern Mendelism, was dominant, and his pupil Biffen set to work on right lines from the first. Much time and labour, still being misspent by the surviving worshippers of that fetish of nineteenth-century materialism called "natural selection," were thereby saved. Mendelism helps us deplorably little as a contribution to the theory of organic evolution—and in his presidential address to the British Association in Australia Professor Bateson will say so. But no one can set a limit to its powers in the recombination or synthesis of "factors" already existing in living things—though how originating not even the Mendelian has an idea.

Here is an instance. Professor Biffen spent some years in analysing the "factors" that produce certain desirable qualities in wheat. One such quality is known to millers and bakers as "strength," and upon it depends the pleasing character, light and well-piled, of such loaves as we are nowadays accustomed to, though our grandparents knew them not. The typical strong wheat is Canadian. Very few strong wheats retain their strength when grown on English soil. Those which do, such as Red Fife, produce a variable and often poor yield. But strength and power of yield have genetic origins which can be traced. Thereafter they can be combined. Appropriate cross-breeding between a Canadian and an English wheat thus yields a new form —Burgoyne's Fife is the name of the most famous—which combines the strength of the Canadian and the heavy yield of the English parent. Heavy yield, however, is of little use if rust or some other fungus takes the first helping of it. Biffen and his fellow-workers have found a Mendelian or genetic basis, however, for susceptibility to or immunity from the attacks of this parasite, and by crossing parents of which one gave a good yield susceptible to rust, and the other a light yield rust-resisting, they obtained the marvel called Little Joss, which gives the heavy yield of its heavy-yielding parent, but, thanks to its other parent, resists the rust which would otherwise take a tax of from 5 to 10 per cent. of that yield.

In the light of the most recent experimental results —experiments covering a good many acres, be it remembered—we may venture to predict that such a synthesis of food-makers, if not of food directly, will be worth more to the future of our nation than all the speeches, from all sides of the House of Commons, during the last decade's controversies on national food supply, which have so abundantly illustrated Walt Whitman's observation upon "the never-ending audacity of elected persons."

LENS.

THE REFUSAL OF MATERNITY

BEFORE the outspokenness of modern women our foremothers would stand aghast. In their eyes there would be something approaching the indecent in the public canvassing of sex questions and matters relating to maternity. Their general amazement would turn to disgust when unmarried women were found formulating their right to be mothers, and to horror when married women were discovered refusing to have babies. After these depths the public advocacy of eugenics and of the limitation of the family for economic reasons would appear comparatively innocuous.

Yet to our minds the indecency is theirs. Their conspiracy of shamed silence breathed the fetid breath of the indecent upon the whole subject of human reproduction, it infringed the liberty of each new generation, menaced mother and child with ignorance and neglect, spread disease broadcast and inflicted unmeasured injury on the race. It has been the task of two generations of individualist rebels and social reformers to break down this barrier of mock propriety, and even now we have not arrived.

But, though there are whole battalions arrayed in opposition, things have moved. There are changes among us. Mothers who were themselves flung blindfold into life are refusing to mislead their daughters. Daughters of families still prejudiced in favour of ignorance are refusing to wear the cloak of hypocritical stupidity handed down to them or to consider themselves degraded by a knowledge of life. There is a growing volume of opinion on the side of frank treatment of all sex questions, and especially it is admitted that every mature adult should face the question of parentage with open eyes.

XUM

Although it was in the form of personal rebellion that the first beginning was made, progress has been greater on the social side; the breaking down of the barrier has not been accomplished in even fashion. We have denounced the waste of child-life and the danger of racial degeneration until we have succeeded in establishing the need of public provision for mother and child. Closer we have not ventured. With our characteristic shrinking from interference in intimate personal affairs, especially where established usage has to be assailed, we have skimmed over the thin ice of the invasion of individual rights involved in involuntary and undesired motherhood and in the opposite extreme of motherhood prohibited. We have tried to save babies for society, but we have not dared to say that many of them ought not to be born. We have recognised the child-bearer in marriage, but not the human individual; outside marriage we have refused as far as possible to recognise motherhood at all.

The revolt that is not real may be killed by being excluded from public canvass and organisation; the real revolt persists in spite of the lack of these aids. Thus, although the personal and primary issue has been carefully avoided in public, it has been claiming increasing attention. In the comfortable classes and the thinking circles of all classes the irrational sacrifice of women to maternity has been checked. The conventional attitude towards maternity for the unmarried is still firmly rooted, but the principle that motherhood should be willingly undertaken has found acceptance with both men and women. To a perfectly extraordinary degree a change has worked itself out among us. Women who never formulated a single sentence of demand for women's rights and who tend rather to be ashamed of feminist propaganda, have rejected the old idea of the necessary sacrifice of the wife to childbearing and carried out their rebellion in the face of clerical denunciation and marital disapproval. Men whose fathers regarded childbearing as a Divine retribution upon the daughters of Eve, not to be shirked lightly by any one of them, and the number of the family as a question to be decided by Divine agency, have come now to practise family regulation and to leave the number of their children to the final decision of their wives. Young lovers solemnly discuss the baby question on equal terms before marriage as the vital issue of their projected partnership. And the results are seen in the increasing number of childless marriages, in the growth of the single child family, and in the general decline of the birthrate. The regulation of maternity may be said to have established itself.

While economics and the spread of information previously inaccessible to the many have played their parts in reducing our rate of reproduction, the fundamental change is in the attitude of men and women to maternity. The knowledge requisite to make the revolt against unregulated procreation operative has not itself created the change—it is, indeed, only very slowly responding to the demand. Had any effort commensurate with the need been made to spread that knowledge the evidence of the universality of the rebellion against excessive childbearing would have been recorded in the vital statistics in such a way as would make the capitalists, the politicians, the doctors and the clerics, forget all other problems before that of the declining population.

Similarly, economic pressure has not created the change, which has sprung from a higher sense of self-valuation in women themselves and from a corresponding re-action to the new standard on the part of men in alliance with them. For economic reasons marriage partners who would have preferred to have a family of four have restricted themselves to a family of two or to no family at all. But economics is, after all, only one of the reasons calling for the exercise of the new ideal. It cannot be regarded as the primary cause of the decline in births. Reasons of health, of personal ambition, of duty, of heredity, of temperament, all play their part in deciding when the choice shall be exercised. Not these temporary non-essentials, but the choice itself is the vital thing. It indicates that we are passing from wasteful indulgence in procreative license to conscious regulation mainly directed by what is wise, sound and humane.

Leaving aside the wives who desire children and are denied them by their husbands and the comparatively few sterile couples who keenly desire parentage and cannot attain it, the main body of marriage partners who have restricted their families have done so by mutual desire or by desire of the woman. It has come to be recognised as a matter of elementary justice that since the woman has to bear the child the final decision should lie in her hands. It would once have been accepted as a relevant argument that Nature seems to have decided otherwise, and two generations ago Man and Nature were allies in a ruthless sacrifice of woman to maternity, but the position is rapidly changing. We begin to approach the state in which man and woman will stand together to defeat the crude wastefulness of Nature, nowhere more wantonly irrational than in this business of reproduction. But, indeed, we have taken Nature in hand long ago. We have raised the marriage age in defiance of her, and thus prevented the calamitous physical results of early mating. We are now engaged in explaining that marriage is no excuse for rape, that the physical potentiality of man does not make him independent of the woman's consent either in marriage or out. This growing recognition puts marriage upon a reasoned basis, subjects it to rational agreement and fair dealing like every other human contract, and gives it a dignity totally lacking in the old marriage relation, but inseparable from honourable understandings entered into with full knowledge between equals.

If it be suggested that a general acceptance of such ideals would dangerously reduce the rate of reproduction of the race it can only be replied that such reduction would be proved thereby to be desirable. A population increasing by unwilling maternity is on unsafe and immoral foundations, and the sacrifice generation after generation of the human in woman to the female will not be tolerated by conscious womanhood any more than it will be desired by enlightened manhood. Faced by such a picture of reproduction without progress, both may well ask *Cui bono?* In place of this foolish worship of numbers it is surely time that there was set up the higher ideal of quality.

In neglecting this aspect of the maternity problem

social reformers have been ill-advised. They have seen all around them the yearly supply of babies unwelcome and unhealthy, of weak babies and diseased babies, of babies born dead and babies born too soon, and they have set out to make provision for rest, nourishment and medical attention. This is a useful reform, even a far-reaching one, but one only called for by our present economic conditions. The fundamental thing to secure for mothers is that they should be willing mothers; the fundamental thing to secure for babies is that they should be welcome babies: without these two permanent requisites maternity never can be healthy and infancy never can be adequately endowed. The individual right coincides with the social interest. We do not want slave mothers, serfs who go down to death weakly in producing the unfit; we do not want slave children cradled in brute sullenness or rebel hysteria. We want motherhood that is a willing labour of love. The individual right to refuse maternity turns out to be an imperative social necessity. CANDIDA.

Correspondence

GERMANY AND THE BRITISH PRESS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Your number of May 30th last contains an article entitled "Germany and the British Press," dated from Berlin, May 27th. As the only English newspaper correspondent here who could be said to have "changed over from Paris to Berlin," and, as such, called into account in this article, I claim the customary right to reply, and do this all the more pressingly as, on the strength of part of this article, I am held up to the public here as a journalist who has regarded it as a "deliverance" that, at last, on leaving Paris for Berlin, I was able to join in stoking the anti-German furnace in London.

The passage in which I am mentioned reads:

> . . . a correspondent who had changed over from Paris to Berlin. The newcomer confessed to a certain relief. In Paris, he said, one was so restricted. One was allowed neither to abuse nor to criticise, nor even to point out real evils. That, one was told from London, "would be bad for the Entente." In Berlin one had a free hand, and the more stories of Germany's nefarious ambitions, of brutal policemen, of ill-treatment in the army, or of stupid officials, the better.

As it stands this statement neither repeats any words I have uttered nor expresses any thoughts I have held at any moment since I came to Berlin. In fact, it would be almost true if your correspondent had stated the exact contrary.

(1) I have never yet been able to consider Berlin as providing any kind of relief after Paris. (2) As for restrictions, such as they were, they were of another kind and due to other considerations than those indicated in your article. (3) I was never conscious in the whole of seven years of duty in Paris that I (or any other correspondent for that matter) was not allowed to criticise or to point out "real evils." (Abuse, of course, needs not to be forbidden.) (4) I was never told and never heard that such news was "bad for the Entente." (5) I have never noticed that Berlin provides a freer hand in the way suggested. (6) As for the last sentence, I have never worked under any orders of the kind suggested, nor under orders of any kind. And, as for suggestions, any that may have been made to me by my superiors were, in their tenor, exactly opposed to those indicated here.

The fact is that in a couple of years I have sent to my paper not one single word about police brutality (on the contrary, I have praised the police pretty highly on occasion), and at the most only three cases of cruel treatment to recruits, and I have never once bothered either myself or my editor about either Germany's "perfidious ambitions" or her "stupid officials."

Yours, etc.,

June 16th. A. B. B.

[Our Berlin Correspondent writes: I am glad that "A. B. B.," by calling my attention again to my article on "Germany and the British Press," has made it possible for me to correct a small but serious misprint, which gave a totally false meaning to the paragraph he quotes. By the alteration of a letter the word "*has*," which I originally wrote, was in the last sentence changed to "*had*," thus making what was a general observation of my own appear as part of the conversation I had quoted immediately before. This I regret, since, as is clear from the rest of my article, I had not the least intention of suggesting that correspondents in general (or the correspondent referred to immediately before) were in the habit of "receiving orders" to vilify Germany. Nor, as is equally clear, had I any intention of ascribing any unfair treatment of Germany in the English Press to the conscious activities either of editors or correspondents. As I attempted to point out, the whole situation is the result of atmosphere and of suggestion. In reference to his other points, I need hardly say that what I wrote was intended to cause personal embarrassment to no one. Again the rest of my article makes that clear. If, however, annoyance has been caused to "A. B. B." owing to the fact that, as he says, he himself is the only correspondent who has changed over "from Paris to Berlin," I hasten to express my apologies to him. Over the exact wording of a discussion held some years ago I have no wish to argue. Quite possibly I misunderstood him. The personal point is of small importance. The fact remains, and anyone who has followed the course of foreign affairs during the past few years with care will bear me out, that in the English Press France is gently, Germany roughly, treated. This, I repeat, is no imputation on the honesty of the English Press. So long as the present suspicion between England and Germany exists, it is inevitable. One further point. The German comments to which "A. B. B." refers (although, of course, they contained no personal reference to himself) were sufficiently unfair to rouse not only the anger of "A. B. B." but my own. It is unnecessary here to say more than that they completely misrepresented the whole of my argument, in that I was credited with accusing the English correspondents in Berlin of "systematically and intentionally" misrepresenting German affairs. On the principle that it is better "to cultivate one's own garden," I confined myself, in the article in question, to the English Press. Had I widened my field to include the treatment of England by German newspapers I should have had a far easier task. On this point I hope to be allowed to say more in a later article.]

THE MATERNITY BENEFIT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—It is very interesting to see your note in reference to the report of the Glasgow Obstetrical and Gynæcological Society as to the effect of the Maternity Benefit. To anyone really familiar with the problem of helping mothers and saving the life and health of babies, there is no cause whatever for surprise that the results are so unsatisfactory as the report indicates. The Maternity Benefit as generally administered is neither more nor less than a dole, and has exactly the same effect. That the dole comes through an approved society or an insurance committee, and not from the Poor Law Guardians, does not alter its essential character. That a dole should be expected to alter its effect because it is called a "benefit" is an evidence of faith in words, but somehow realities have a way of asserting themselves in spite of words. In Great Britain the new insurance benefit is proving itself to be identical with the old Poor Law dole. There are indications, if not proofs, that in the Australian Commonwealth precisely the same lack of satisfactory result is following the birth "bonus" of £5 in that community; it does little or no good to the mother—so we are told—and has so far shown no effects in reducing the number of infant deaths.

Not that the money is not needed. There is of a truth sore need for it, not only for Maternity Benefit but for Pregnancy Sickness Benefit, and benefit every way for expectant motherhood, and for the mother and infant together. Thirty shillings is not enough; if it were properly used, £5 would not be too much, plus sufficient to deal with pregnancy sickness. But there ought to be some way of making the best of the money. If all mothers were thoroughly instructed and prepared for their task, there would need no precautions whatever. To-day the wise and conscientious and instructed mothers are making the best possible use of the Maternity Benefit, just as they did of their existing resources before the Maternity Benefit was thought of. No one could possibly devise better purposes for it than such mothers are actually carrying out. Unfortunately modern civilisation seems to have become altogether antagonistic to the making of good mothers, and there are tens of thousands of mothers who at this day are densely ignorant of the first principles of motherhood, and though nearly all are at the outset conscientious and well-intentioned, their lack of knowledge is fatal to the proper discharge of their duty to themselves and to their offspring. Probably by far the larger number of mothers would use the money

well *if they knew how*; but they do not know, and they use it badly for the most part—very badly indeed in far too many cases.

Is, then, the money to be withheld because so many mothers do not know how best to spend it? The answer is in the negative. Is it, then, to be handed over to someone else—some very well-informed person—to spend for the mothers? Again, but more emphatically, the reply is in the negative. What, then, is to be done with the money? The reply that the present writer would give is absurdly simple. Certain plain and elementary necessities must be made absolutely unfailing. All that is implied in safe birth can be secured by money, and for safe birth provision must be made (1) for the relief of the expectant mother from work that would endanger her own health or the child's—if possible for the whole period of pregnancy, and at the least for a few days before the child's birth; (2) for thoroughly trained and efficient attendance at the time of birth by a properly trained midwife, and in case of need by a fully qualified obstetrician; (3) for adequate rest for the mother for at least a week after birth; and (4) for such care as will obviate all risk of blindness and secure a fair start for the baby. Money can secure all this, and this surely should be made secure by the Maternity Benefit. If the present 30s. were properly and economically used, and if the provision for ante-natal and post-natal rest were minimised, there ought to be some small balance of ready money for the mother to spend as she liked. If the Maternity Benefit is to be doubled, as some say, or, as would be better still, if it were increased to £5, the balance would be so much the more. But when the money, much or little, is given to the mother—as it should be, and to the mother only—there should also be afforded to the mother as much sound information and instruction as can be safely administered and digested. There needs a very specially wise and sympathetic and unhurried person to take the money to the mother and point out to her what can be done with it for the baby and herself. It is, again, almost absurdly easy to do this if it be properly done, while there is nothing more impossible if it be attempted improperly to be done. Probably the last persons that would be selected for such a mission would be the overworked secretary of a friendly society; but a long, long way behind even him would surely be the agent of an industrial insurance company. Yet these are the very persons who have to distribute the Maternity Benefit!

In justice it must be admitted that there are exceptions to the general failure to make good use of the Maternity Benefit. There are approved societies and groups of societies—notably in Sheffield—where the Maternity Benefit is being used with most telling effect on the welfare of both mothers and babies. The *modus operandi* is simplicity itself: the approved societies form committees of women, the benefit is administered by women, mostly mothers, to mothers for mother and baby, and it of course succeeds.

But if enquiry be made whether there is not somewhere the rudiments at least of systematic and general care for maternity, the answer would certainly not be far to seek. There are not only the rudiments, but there is a fully developed organisation for the care of mothers that has gradually been working itself out during the past ten years. What else is the crusade against infantile mortality than such an organised effort for the uplift of motherhood? All over the country, in London, and in every large community there is systematic work going on instructing, by the most practical means within reach, the mothers how to care for their children and themselves. The Health Authorities and the municipalities have, indeed, played the part of civic fathers in the best and fullest sense of the word; they have "fathered" the movement against infantile mortality and truly made themselves *patres patriæ*, therein emulating Trajan the great and good. They have organised and sent forth—these fathers of their country—women doctors, women health visitors, women inspectors, to bring help to the helpless mothers. They have faced the ratepayers and spent the ratepayers' money in doing this work, and the ratepayers have approved somehow, though they not a little marvelled. They have had to take their courage in both hands to do what has already been done, and now it is being done almost as a matter of course. But to spend more money—that they dare not yet do. They have provided advice and the beginnings of material help, but they have lacked money.

To me the conclusion seems obvious. Let the money and the instructions go together. Each would emphasise the other, each would support the other. To say "Do this because it is best and you and I know it is best" is marvellously reinforced if it can be added: "Here are the means of doing it." A bitter thing it is to see a mother with ill-fed and ill-clad baby, and to tell her how to clothe and feed the helpless one, when she says: "And how am I to do it when I have no money?" Advice backed up by means becomes a propulsive force—it is not mere breath. For the national care for maternity everything is possible if the present opportunity be seized. Listen to the mothers' own demands as voiced by the Women's Co-operative Guild. Look at what the civic fathers have done already. Can there be any doubt as to what the future policy should be?

In my own mind there is no doubt. It is difficult for me to understand how there can be doubt in the mind of anyone who feels the need and knows the facts.—Yours, etc.,

BENJAMIN BROADBENT.

Gatesgarth, Lindley, Huddersfield.
June 15th.

THE EXPLOITATION OF "LAURA GREY"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—I wish to comment with some vehemence on the exploitation, by both the daily Press and the coroner, of the suicide of the late Miss Guthrie as a means of inflaming the popular prejudice against the W.S.P.U.

So far, of course, as the Press is concerned, the matter is intelligible enough on principles of pure journalism. Take the circumstances. A girl of good family, living a wild life, commits suicide in a solitary flat—a good enough "story," to use the technical terminology of Fleet Street. But remember the pre-existing boom in militant suffragism which supplies the Press with fairly lively copy at a time when news is comparatively tame. It surely becomes obvious that if you can only link the suicide on to the W.S.P.U. you increase very considerably the value of the tragedy as a journalistic asset. Further, any personal disgrace attending any member, however obscure, of any party can be utilised, according to our modern code, as an argument against the theoretic tenets of the body to which that member belonged. Hence, again, the exploitation of the tragedy by that part of the Press which is opposed either to constitutional suffragism, or to militant suffragism, or to both.

But while this attitude is perfectly consonant with the most characteristic traditions of our journalism, one is somewhat flabbergasted at the coroner taking the same line and running wild on an extravagant career of journalistic platitude and grotesque psychology. Yet this the learned gentleman appears to have done in a summing up which seemed almost a direct invitation to the jury to bring in a verdict at any rate of manslaughter against the W.S.P.U.

Yet what grounds, except those either of prejudice or of ignorance, justify the saddling of the W.S.P.U. with the responsibility for the suicide it is hard to conceive. When, moreover, it is remembered that the girl was apparently free from drugs and led a sexually orthodox life while under the ægis of the W.S.P.U., and that it was only after militant suffragism ceased to provide a vent for her energies that she became addicted to toxic and other excesses, it seems logical to suggest that, at any rate in this particular instance, the W.S.P.U. did her no harm and would even appear to have exercised a steadying influence.

Consider, again, that drug mania *per se* is a frequent cause of suicide, that being an enceinte spinster is a banal, orthodox and extremely stereotyped cause of suicide, and that there is not even a *prima facie* connection between the W.S.P.U. and either of those causes, and it will become obvious how unfair and illogical and artificial was the causal chain it was sought, let us say, to forge between the death of the unfortunate girl and the W.S.P.U. It is only fair to add that, while personally I regard the atrocities of the militants as being on the same exalted ethical plane as the acts of Fenians, mediæval saints, Thugs, Dervishes, early Christian martyrs, Anarchists, fakirs, and Ulster traitors, I disapprove, on low grounds of expediency, of the present manifestations of militancy as exaggerated and unseasonable, and not precisely calculated to advance the cause.—Yours, &c.,

HORACE B. SAMUEL.

MILITANCY AND CONSTITUTIONALISM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—It seems to have been more or less conclusively proved at recent debates in the House of Commons that the time-honoured fable of the pot calling the kettle black still remains true to the facts of political life.

Those who blame the militant movement of the Suffragettes *qua* militancy are either, like the Quakers, conscientious objectors to all forms of offensive physical violence in any cause, be it however good, or they must, I fear, be accused of being illogical and inconsistent. Whatever our best instincts and reason may say in regard to this matter, logically we have no right to pick and choose what form of militancy to extol and what form to

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condemn. To those who use them they each, with slight variations, mean the same thing—namely, to fight for the cause, whatever it may be, that the person has at heart. I have not the slightest wish to advocate militancy, because I do not believe I could be one myself, much as I admire their courage and self-sacrifice; but I want to point out that militancy in the Women's Movement is a logical and therefore a defensible outcome of that movement.

The greatest of Russian writers, Dostojiefsky, has made it clear, in his brilliant psychological novel, *Crime and Punishment*, that the thought is not only father to the act, but is the act itself; and in this cause alone I have come across many women who have intimated their desire, both in private and on platforms, to commit all sorts of militant acts, which circumstances or the non-fighting traditions of women's lives have most likely prevented their carrying out.

With all deference to the feelings of the "law-abiding" women, and to the Suffragettes themselves, I submit that in almost any cause (and certainly in a movement so immense as this one undoubtedly is) wherever you find a Mrs. Fawcett, there also you find a Mrs. Pankhurst, and I humbly contend that there is ample room for both. To put the matter differently, most people will agree that constitutional methods and militancy are only different aspects of the same thing, a sincere wish in the hearts of their promoters to further the cause of Women's Suffrage; and personally I do not credit the statement that one hears so frequently stated by "thinking men and women," that militancy has put the cause back one day, let alone a century. What an illogical world it would be if this were so!—Yours, &c.,

ELEANOR HOBHOUSE.

Hampstead, N.W.

COMMUNAL ECONOMICS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Your review of "National Guilds" raises a question of economics which is of special interest to me.

Opinions are often directly influenced by the point of view, or direction of approach, to a subject. Some professors of economics have been economists first—interested in their science as a science—and social reformers second. The reforming spirit is the result of a man's whole education and environment from youth upwards; and it does not necessarily go with a knowledge of economics, any more than a knowledge of economics attaches itself to a social reformer. In my own case I was a social reformer first; but began to study economics, because I thought it the only guide to the safe and most beneficial measures of reform. After several years spent in absorbing and teaching the formal science of economics as known at our Universities I was oppressed by a deep sense of disappointment that it did not give the key to the great measures of advance in social reform which everyone can see are necessary, and some of which are actually being commenced.

The explanation is simple enough. The science of economics as generally understood is only the science of competitive economics. But man does not live by competition alone. He lives more by co-operation, or communal action, whether it be in the family, tribe, the municipality, or the nation. The extraordinary growth of limited companies and societies in all modern economic life is another manifestation of the communal spirit; and competitive economics, whilst dealing with the external relation between such groups, has little to say as to the economic laws of their internal economy.

Arising in my mind from all this is a feeling that the most urgent need of the day is the development of a science of communal economics which shall ascertain the economic laws which will determine prices and wages in a State where no competition exists. Much of the opposition of well-known political economists to the nationalisation of industries has arisen from their complete inability to state how prices and wages would be determined; but municipalisation and nationalisation go on apace in spite of the difficulties of the economists. We have also the great co-operative distributive movement always expanding, co-operative housing rapidly growing, and co-operative production really beginning to be firmly established here and there. It becomes more and more evident to thoughtful persons that the only solution of the labour and capital problem, where industry is becoming organised in a series of gigantic combinations on either side, is the organisation of some co-operative or co-partnership basis by which some measure of control, and some measure of risk and profit, is shared by the workers. Co-operation appears to demand for success very highly skilled and scientific methods of organisation and finance. These are now invented, and are being widely diffused more rapidly than ever before. Consequently I anticipate not only the competitive progress of co-operative agencies as against individualistic agencies, but a gradual sliding over of the biggest competitive organisations to a co-operative basis, sometimes voluntarily, and sometimes under extreme pressure from the workers, or from the consumers, through Parliament.

The whole basis of communal economics has yet, I think, to be worked out. I have not studied it at all myself yet. It will be closely related on the one hand to the sociology and study of the city, of which Professor Geddes is so brilliant an exponent. On the other hand, it will have to deal directly with the production and distribution of wealth. A few general principles are obvious. In pure communities, reward of services will not depend upon the abundance or scarceness of ability and skill, but more upon the effort required, and the disagreeableness of conditions of work, and upon the standard of living which it is necessary for the worker to maintain to keep himself in the highest degree of efficiency. Money will, of course, still be used as a matter of accounting, and for convenience in distribution, but prices will be determined by the labour cost to the community of producing goods. The element of risk to capital will tend to be eliminated altogether, excepting for purely experimental work in wireless telegraphy, aviation and so forth, and in metalliferous mining; so that capital, still largely privately owned, usually receives a fixed rate of remuneration, four, five or six per cent., as found necessary to call forth the requisite supply of saving. Whilst capital may remain largely in private ownership it will in any communal organisation be shorn of most of its power of control; whilst communally owned capital will gradually increase more and more relatively to individually owned capital. In using the word "communal" I mean not only national and municipal organisations, but all voluntary societies, companies, and other co-operative organisations in which people work with one another on an agreed basis of sharing revenue, rather than on a competitive basis.

The whole subject of communal economics is one of entrancing interest, and it appears to me to be urgently necessary that it should be worked out; because, until we can have a science of communal economics to put completely side by side with the competitive economics, it will be extremely difficult to trace out the reactions of the gradual transition from one mode of organisation to the other.

This raises another interesting point—as to whether the competitive state of industry is really a necessary stage in the development of any nation. Is not competitive industry the result of certain of the human faculties developing in civilisation more rapidly than other human faculties? Therefore we may well ask whether it might not be possible in the case of backward nations under European tutelage to bring them forward from the state of primitive communism to the condition of scientifically organised communism without passing through the intermediate and most wasteful stage of competition.—Yours, etc.,

H. STANLEY JEVONS.

CRITICISM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—The tacit assumption in Sir Ronald Ross's article in your last issue that only the *executive* artist can rank as a critic is surely fallacious.

Whilst a knowledge of technique is certainly eminently desirable for apt criticism, it constitutes the lesser of the two essentials—the greater being, for lack of a better term, the equivalent of an "art sense" or æsthetic in the critic.

I am of opinion that all real appreciators of art in the true sense—that is, persons who are emotionally affected by great works of art—are potential critics. Such persons may lack the exuberant directed energy symptomatic of the creative artist, but they nearly always excel in breadth of outlook.

The accredited genius, with rare exceptions, is commonly characterised by a lack of general culture by no means unaccounted for when one realises the tremendous grip his particular work has on him and the vast energy he puts into it.

If Sir Ronald Ross were to contend that artists of the more versatile and cultured type are good critics, I should be at one with him for the very reasons I have already given—but executive ability is not an essential.

Noble eulogy is all very well; but the ideal critic, being an appreciator of art, has surely another function—that of adviser to the young artist whose wings are not yet entirely freed from the chrysalis sheath of conventional form.—I am, etc.,

J. R. MILNES.

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Miscellany

MR. SHAW ON SHAKESPEARE

HISTORY has unfortunately hung the portrait of Shakespeare in a bad light. Like some dark, rich, glazed masterpiece in an ill-planned gallery, it seems to reflect not infrequently something of the features of those who peer curiously into it. Shakespeare has often been compared (an ill comparison) with Nature herself. If the comparison holds at all, he was most like Nature in this: that it seems only too easy to read into him whatever you have a mind to read. Sir Sidney Lee's Shakespeare is essentially a steady man, one who, farming judiciously an inexplicable talent, gathered much comforting gear about him during life and died honoured, safe, satiated, and prosperous; Sir Leslie Stephen's a stoic who was no pipe for Fortune's fingers to play upon. Mr. Frank Harris's Shakespeare, on the other hand, is a man as intellectual, book-minded, and will-less as Coleridge himself, as tremulously sensitive too, who, to the perpetual advantage of mankind, was pitched, shivering and longing, into the roaring rapids of the world, there to struggle vainly in the whirlpool of his own passions and appetites, there to be pounded and twisted and tossed and washed at last, a poor broken empty shell of himself, into a little bay rocked gently by the drumming thunder of the falls. Mr. Harris's Shakespeare has a treble dose of sensuality in him; he is a sweet-natured sort of man with a hunger for all pleasant, bright things, for happiness and the amenities, and no heart at all to condemn any man for anything except downright cruelty. Never did gentler spirit "affront the long humiliation of life." He showed flashes of ferocity and anger when excruciated, but his anger had no sort of root in pride to nourish it, and was most placable. He could forgive Life as easily as men when they smiled on him, and as easily fall to cursing her again. He had "two loves of comfort and despair," but no philosophy; fate played its pain fugues and pæans on him as on an instrument. He was the friend of picturesque scalliwags and adored gaudy noblemen. He talked, laughed, drank, swaggered, worked, loved—above all, loved—wept, suffered, and wore himself out. Such, in its essentials, is the picture of Shakespeare in Mr. Harris's wonderful psychological study; "no hero I confess," but such a one to whom mankind nevertheless holds out its arms and greets with Cleopatra's greeting:

> O infinite virtue! Com'st thou smiling from
> The world's great snare uncaught?

Uncaught? That is the point to discuss. Uncaught in a sense, but mauled and broken, having been torn by the teeth of many snares.

Then Mr. Shaw comes along and says: "Frank, you're a wonderful fellow. There's no one to touch you at all as a Shakespearean interpreter. But you've no sense of humour; at least, it's in abeyance, swamped by your great capacity for scorn and pity. You don't understand the main fact about genius. Genius is gay; it's gay. Pity in you demands that Shakespeare should be a broken man, whose sweetness exhales from having been brayed in a mortar. Nonsense: genius is the faculty of rising superior to life. The characteristic of a dramatist of genius is that he can 'discover comedy in his own misfortunes almost in proportion to the pathos with which the ordinary man announces their tragedy. . . . I cannot for the life of me see a broken heart in Shakespeare's latest works.' Why, Frank, you're not going to tell me a big pot like that was set boiling by a flame for any dark lady. Have not I proved to the world that a man of genius is a man essentially immune from the weakness and trivialities of the passions?" And as we read we see the shadowy portrait of Shakespeare taking on an air of familiar and indomitable detachment. Mr. Frank Harris's sympathy, according to Mr. Shaw, is misplaced. It is the dark lady, or ladies, he ought to pity.

> The man who "dotes yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves," is tolerable even by a spoilt and tyrannical mistress; but what woman could possibly endure a man who dotes without doubting; who *knows*, and who is hugely amused at the absurdity of his infatuation for a woman of whose mortal imperfections not one escapes him: a man always exchanging grins with Yorick's skull and inviting "my lady" to laugh at the sepulchral humour of the fact that, though she paint an inch thick (which the Dark Lady may have done), to Yorick's favour she must come at last?

It is a case of Jupiter and Semele over again; "it was not cruelty that made Jupiter reduce Semele to ashes; it was the fact that he could not help being a god nor she help being a mortal." You see, Mr. Shaw, in a subtler sense, remains after all among the bardolators: Shakespeare was superhuman. Years ago he wrote one of the finest pieces of modern criticism proving that, compared with Bunyan, Shakespeare had no sense of the heroic life or turn for drawing a hero; yet when it comes to summing up his character, he will have it that he was, after all, made of that stern stuff. He could not have been at the mercy of life. Mr. Shaw points out that if any man could look the ugly facts of life in the face with a chuckle, it was Shakespeare; certainly a Shakespeare without irony and gaiety would not be Shakespeare. In such lines as Richard III.'s—

> And this word "love" which greybeards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another
> And not in me; I am myself alone—

he sees his fundamental attitude towards that passion. Of course, Shakespeare could often "be hugely amused at the absurdity of his infatuation," whether for a woman, fame, riches or for life itself; but he must have been also quite as often contemptuous or oblivious of that amusement; otherwise he could never have written the poetry which makes men feel that he has said their best for them. I have not read Mr. Harris's play. I dare say Mr. Shaw's criticism that the poet appears as a depressing victim, a pitiable broken man with a grievance, is true. But I have read Mr. Shaw's play, *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, and anything less like a poet than the principal figure in it I can hardly imagine. Of course, the qualities Shakespeare shows there are consistent with being a great poet, fun, promptness, airy courage and a relish for fine phrases, but they do not make a great poet. Mr. Shaw leaves out the belief the poet must have that his own feelings are wonderful and that the objects of his desires and admiration are supremely worthy of his art. The fact is Mr. Shaw will have it that a great man must be in a deep sense invulnerable. He thinks of genius as a kind of immunity from average human weakness, bringing with it an irrepressible gaiety of heart. This is the chief difference between him and Mr. Harris. To me it is easier to imagine Shakespeare as Mr. Harris describes him, as a man even more at the mercy of all that tortures and beglamours than average mortals, with an enormous overplus of sensibility which even *his* intellect and vital resilience could not control. His towerings of gaiety and lyrical happiness seem easier to reconcile with such a temperament than his power of expressing extremest pain, pleasure and longing with the idea of a man planted beyond the range of their direst power. In some poets—Dante, Milton, Wordsworth—one feels a fundamental mastery and detachment, but not in Shakespeare. Who would invoke him at a crisis: "Shakespeare thou should'st be living at this hour"? We feel instinctively that if he were he would probably be far too occupied in living to detach himself and help.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

DISCOVERY

BEAUTY walked over the hills and made them bright.
She in the long fresh grass scattered her rains
Sparkling and glittering like a host of stars,
But not like stars cold, severe, terrible.
Hers was the laughter of the wind that leaped
Arm-full of shadows, flinging them far and wide.
Hers the bright light within the quick green
Of every new leaf on the oldest tree.
It was her swimming made the river run
Shining as the sun;
Her voice, escaped from winter's chill and dark,
Singing in the incessant lark. . . .
All this was hers—yet all this had not been
Except 'twas seen.
It was my eyes, Beauty, that made thee bright;
My ears that heard, the blood leaping in my veins,
The vehemence of transfiguring thought—
Not lights and shadows, birds, grasses and rains—
That made thy wonders wonderful.
For it has been, Beauty, that I have seen thee,
Tedious as a painted cloth at a bad play,
Empty of meaning and so of all delight.
Now thou hast blessed me with a great pure bliss,
Shaking thy rainy light all over the earth,
And I have paid thee with my thankfulness.

JOHN FREEMAN.

MARKET MORNING

I WAS the only one going uphill at ten o'clock. Everybody was coming down to market. The sun was hot and the road white with dust, but the wind blew gently, the traffic moved slowly, so that it was pleasant to walk and have this broken procession on my right, and at intervals on my left high hawthorns that were all may blossom.

First came a rough trap containing a calf under a net, the stout farmer walking alongside with his hands in the pockets of his brown cotton overall. A dozen similar traps containing silent motionless pigs or calves followed, from Colemore, Froxfield, Tisted, Ropley; but he alone walked when he might have ridden. A few greeted me. Some drivers were sitting, some standing up. Among them were several men past sixty, with the old style of shaved upper lip, short-combed beard, and low-crowned, flat-brimmed hat. These were in black. One had a woman at his side, wearing a white blouse, but a black hat. Some men had boys riding beside them; these were silent. Others were giving friends a lift and talking. A few carts were in the care of lads belonging to two distinct types: the one smart, perhaps half a groom, working for a gentleman, and not likely to be met in the same cart on a market morning fifty years hence; the other dingy and wild-looking, his eyes overhung by the peak of his cap and a bunch of lilac.

Here and there a pair of cart-horses drew a waggon loaded with sheep within a palisade of hurdles. One pair of black horses wore long chains of ornaments on their chests, brass crescents, discs, and wheels, jingling and glittering; and they had bunches of rhododendron under each ear. The owner's name on the waggon had the addition of "Esquire." The men driving it were clean-shaven fellows, just the esquire's servants. A trap was close behind, but there was no conversation between those in one cart and those in another one passing it or being passed.

Half-way up the hill, among the unhedged and unfenced beechwoods, I thought I had seen the last of the crowd. For I was alone, and saw only trees and young rabbits creeping to shelter under them. The road was stained as green as a duck pond by the light falling through leaves. At the next bend, however, someone came into sight. He was no marketer. He wore a dark suit of tight trousers, long straight-cut jacket, and a cap projecting like enormous eyebrows over his sallow, knowing face. He had a straight thin mouth as of one used to horses. He carried a stick, but not for walking. And he looked as if something might turn up at any moment on either side.

Before the gipsy was out of sight a low, dirty old milk-cart rattled along under a charioteer of the same colour as the cart, and for the same reason. Then there was another green interval, without noise of wheels or of anything but young jackdaws in a hollow tree and doves far off.

But at the corner where the three tall ivied wild-cherry trees lean over I heard a new sound, a soft muffled shuffling, and all at once I saw rounding a bend in the green shadow, fifty yards ahead, half a dozen sheep in a line across the road—newly shorn sheep with long black ears twitching. A drover walked behind at the same pace, two miles an hour. He was a tall, fair man of thirty, carrying his coat over his shoulder, and holding his head bent, half drowsily, half in gloom. His slow step needed no effort in the cool downhill. It was as if the sheep were drawing him, for they kept their distance exactly, without aid of dog or stick or voice. The man did not speak, neither did the sheep bleat. All seven appeared at one glance. It seemed that they had been there for ever, awaiting me and this moment, under the light overarching beech foliage. And it was such a pretty sight to me that I turned round after they had passed me, feeling a faint envy and dreaming of a day at the drover's side. The drover also turned round, and, having caught one another looking back, we faced our ways again, without greeting or farewell.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Music

PRINCE IGOR

I HAVE a standing grievance against the carelessness of people who compile programmes; and the programmes at Drury Lane are no exception to the rule. It ought at least to be possible to transcribe the names of M. Diaghileff's singers in some consistent way, even if it is impossible to find the exact equivalents of the Russian sounds. Some of the names have come to us in their French form and others have been Germanised; but there seems to be no attempt to standardise them or to transliterate them into an intelligible English form. Thus the name for which the simplest English equivalent would be Andreeff is spelt variously Andreev, Andreew, and Andreieff. There is no attempt at uniformity in the terminations and many of the consonants

are in hopeless confusion. We are luckily spared that awful sound which the Germans reproduce by eight letters (*schstsch*), for no English tongue could possibly get round it; but *ch* is made to do duty both for *sh* (as in Chuisky) and *tch* (Chelkalow), a confusion which might easily be avoided. The most glaring instance of carelessness is found in the name of Chaliapine himself. This, of course, is the French form, and gives no clue to the real pronunciation as far as English is concerned. If it is to be made intelligible, it ought to be spelt Shalyapin, with three syllables instead of four. This carelessness in the matter of programmes is not confined to the spelling of names, nor to Drury Lane. At a concert of Glazounoff's works given at Queen's Hall last week there were some of the most laboured analytical notes it has ever been my fortune to read. It may be hard to write vividly about anyone so academic (there is no other word) as the composer in question, but we need not be told that in the Pianforte Concerto. "Variation 5 is an Intermezzo of flighty nature, which seems to be rebuked by a melody given out by the solo oboe."

Glazounoff's *Stenka Razin* was the most interesting of the works played at this concert; but it is at best a talented imitation of Balakireff's *Thamar*, and contains as usual a good deal of padding. Padding is also to be seen in the Overture to Borodin's *Prince Igor*, which Glazounoff wrote down from memory and orchestrated after the composer's death. It seems clear that he did the best he could under the circumstances and that he was hampered by insufficient material; but the result is disappointing and hardly effective. The rest of the opera, which was produced at Drury Lane last week—with liberal cuts—is a joy which increases with acquaintance. I wonder how many British composers would be willing or able to complete their friends' work as Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounoff did. It is all very well to say that Rimsky-Korsakoff did more harm than good to *Boris Godounoff*, but without his help we should never have had either Moussorgsky's two operas or *Prince Igor* in a practicable form. Even after passing through his hands Borodin is worlds away from Moussorgsky. Equally spontaneous, he is more old-fashioned and less dramatic. He is more Italian in his idea of melody and in the way he cuts up the opera into arias and ensembles. One felt the other night that he meant a burst of applause to come at the end of each set piece in the regular Italian way; but the audience, well brought up on Wagner, only gave a furious outburst of hushes, and left the singers stranded in passionate attitudes until the orchestra was ready to go on again. Borodin, of course, was hampered by his own libretto, which no stretch of the imagination could call good. Igor simply goes out to war, is taken captive, and comes home again. There is no development of his character or of anybody else's: simply exultation when he sets out, grief when he is a prisoner, and joy when he returns. Underplots are left with their ends hanging loose. Nothing happens to Galitsky the usurper, who vanishes after the first act; Scoula and Eroshka (two inseparables, as usual) are promising vagabonds who come to nothing; and the love affair between Igor's son Vladimir and the Tatar princess Konchakovna fizzles out. In spite of these dramatic weaknesses, the opera is carried off by the beauty of Borodin's music. He has not Moussorgsky's breadth of phrase, nor his power of summing up a whole attitude of mind in a couple of poignant sentences; but he considers his voices, and, above all, he writes splendid vigorous basses. The chief fault of the opera is its scrappiness, much more noticeable than in the case of *Boris*, in spite of the latter's many abrupt transitions. Borodin lets one see the joins not only between scenes but between phrases. The squareness of his tunes sometimes breaks up even a choral movement, though there are two striking exceptions to this, the chorus of the maidens in the second scene of Act I., and the unaccompanied chorus in the last act, which are both remarkably continuous. What is really at the back of the opera is the spirit of the man who wrote it—big, virile, and glowing. There is no first-class star part in it, no chance for one character to outshine the rest: so the personality that gleams through the music is Borodin's own. And how versatile he is! Without any beating about the bush, he exactly hits off any shade of feeling he wants from the regal character of Yaroslavna to the savage tenderness of Konchakovna. The music of the ballet-scene is well known as one of the most popular productions of the Russian Ballet of former years, and its effect is enormously increased by the addition of the chorus; though it is a pity that the March which begins the third act has to be played out of its place. It ought to run straight on into the music of the next scene; but as the latter is cut, it is put before the ballet proper, and the connection is lost. The dancers were unfortunately rather cramped with the chorus all round them, and did not seem very happy with M. Stéinberg, who, besides distorting the rhythm of the March in a tiresome way, seemed unable to keep the chorus in hand. M. Paul Andreeff, the Pimen of last year's *Boris*, sang Igor with a most beautiful tone. He has the best voice in the company, but he is not quite the accomplished actor that some of them are. Shalyapin's two sketches of Vladimir Galitsky and Konchak are as subtle as anything he has done. To see him dominate the stage in the prologue without doing anything but stand looking up at the eclipse was an experience in itself; but his transformation into a Tatar prince later on was even more striking. The surprising thing about these Russian singers is that they can *all* act. Mme. Kousnetzoff was nowhere in the prologue, but in her extremely unpleasant scene with Galitsky in the first act she played brilliantly. Her voice is of the type apparently common among Russians, very strong at the top, but so over-charged with harmonics that it is sometimes positively painful to listen to.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Ivan the Terrible* has also been revived. It is not really a very important opera, except that it provides an interesting commentary on *Boris Godounoff*, for many of the devices used in the two works—to take only one instance, a particular kind of wavering bass—are identical. The declamation is not as spontaneous nor as dramatic as Moussorgsky's, though it resembles it a good deal. The chorus writing tends too much to fall into square blocks, and is too *a capella* in style, especially at the end of the last act, when, indeed, the chorus have no business to be on the stage at all. But the overture and all the orchestral writing are as good as anything Rimsky-Korsakoff ever did, and that is saying a good deal. Shalyapin's performance of Ivan is terribly realistic, and he makes the most of it; but an equally important character is that of Olga Tokmakoff, and here little Mlle. Brian has her great chance. It says wonders for her powers that, though her chief love scene was ruthlessly cut out, she managed to convey her sudden development from a child into a heroic woman directly and unmistakably. The chorus as usual did wonders.

As an antidote to so much Russian music I went the other night to Verdi's *Otello* at Covent Garden. This is the real thing, the perfection of Verdi's style, written when he was over seventy. No one else could have done it, though, of course, no one else has had a Boito for librettist. It is just at the end of the last act that he fails, perhaps, to sound the deepest notes of pity and terror. It is a little scrambled and the music seems to need more spacing out. Still there is the matchless second act, with its unforgettable chorus, to make up; and given that, one need not ask for more.

W. DENIS BROWNE.

XUM

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE is always something agreeable in the spectacle of a man who solemnly, impartially, and with the best intent advocates ludicrous or monstrous proposals. Even when the argument is jesting or parodical, mock-serious or half-serious, it is a fascinating form of entertainment: one example being De Quincey's *Murder as a Fine Art*, and another that *Modest Proposal* tract in which the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Patrick's suggested that the poor Irish should relieve their distress by breeding children for food. But I do not here refer to these ironical productions, but to quite serious ones which are meant to be taken at their face value. Various Baconian works are of this description, and another excellent specimen which has just reached me is *Social Chaos and the Way Out*, by Alfred Baker Read, recently published by Hendersons at 7s. 6d. net.

* * *

Mr. Read is in deadly earnest. His book is very large and full of detail and quotations; and his temper is the temper of all serious social reformers of whatever school. He is anxious that we should realise that he is not without a sense of proportion. "If," he reminds his fellows, "some animal, say a bird, could write a Natural History, it would probably head the list by its own species"; and he remarks that the human race in God's sight must be "of no more importance than a crowd of mites jostling each other in the corner of a Stilton cheese, or the crowd of flies buzzing round a dead rat's body." In order to get a proper perspective of human affairs, one must stand outside them: "we must take a wide distant view of humanity, and spare no pains in searching everywhere for the stern truth." The result of Mr. Read's search is the discovery of a need for wholesale infanticide—not as an expression of contempt for the mites, but as a scientific remedy for our social diseases.

* * *

Mr. Read is a benevolent man, a man of heart and one who protests with moving eloquence against all the evils that afflict our society. But he is not a Socialist, not an economist, and not a statistician; he is obsessed by the dread of over-population and of racial deterioration through poverty, sickness, and vice, and by disgust for and disbelief in contraceptual practices; and his premises lead him irresistibly to his conclusion. After three hundred close pages of analysis he announces:

> I shall now attempt to show the open door through which Nature is imploring purblind humanity to go, to a long-enduring and almost perfect freedom, a freedom as perfect as mankind can ever know.

* * *

Infanticide is the golden key. Ninety-five per cent. of parents (he says) do not at present want children. "What is the value in the open market of a babe to-day?—nothing." Economic pressure springing from over-population is at the root of all our worst evils, yet civilised man is deprived of the "natural and obvious means of reducing his family," the only way of making "outflow" equal to "inflow." Infant slaughter has been everywhere practised by nations of splendid physique and morals (like the Tahitians, the Hak-ka and the Hak-lo), and we shall have to come to it. In the state of the future "no man or woman should be compelled to practise infanticide," but it will be normal to practise it voluntarily. Women will regard it as a matter "of momentary pang *v.* duty."

* * *

The transition to the new ethical order will be difficult. "It is safe to say that nearly all women of the upper and the middle classes will be horrified, or will pretend to be horrified, at the idea." But after all the change is a small one; the community has only to alter the direction of its "long-range gun" so as to kill its enemies and not its friends; it is much better to lose an infant (which "can be replaced at any time") than see a grown man go under to war or unnecessary disease, and pioneers will be found amongst "those women who are in far too serious straits to worry about what other folks may think." The hypocrisy and timidity of the ordinary person are obstacles and "by professional critics my work will be abused, as is only to be expected. These men are paid for possessing and exercising the schoolboy trait of destructiveness." But even now there is a large demand for infanticide concealed beneath our canting exteriors, as we should soon see if we had the courage to try a local experiment as a start. Let our cautious British statesmen begin with Local Option in one district, allowing

> every woman who expected to give birth to an unwanted child to go there until her confinement was over. What better means of testing how the new liberty will work? What better means of testing the will of the people than this? Heavens! what a rush there would be to the selected area from all parts of England—nay, all Europe! What a boom in trade the railways, the hotels and lodging-houses would experience; the doctors, nurses, and shopkeepers too!

It is clear as daylight. Then why postpone legal infanticide until we are forced to adopt it? Only by infanticide can we adjust the population to the land, so as to secure a life of comforts and amenities to all. And when we have freed ourselves from our ridiculous distinctions between pre-natal and post-natal murder we shall get as near Utopia as the human race ever could get.

> The servant girl who is forced to strangle her new-born babe because she is too poor to keep it is, unknown to herself, the thin end of the wedge which is one day going to bring liberty and peace to all mankind.

When the poor themselves have been given a legal permit to annihilate poverty, the degenerates, the unemployed, the diseased, the discontented, "these national hindrances" will gradually diminish and disappear. The saving of money to "the best classes" will be enormous. The harassed taxpayer will be relieved from the burden of the unfit. We shall still have the productive power of modern machinery at our service, with fewer people to consume the product. War will end with its causes, and the beauties of our lost countryside will be restored.

> Streets upon streets of slum houses would become empty ruins—grass would grow between the bricks of courts and alleys which are now the runs of low, vicious human beasts. Once more the red and fallow deer would run wild on our hillsides; and the eagle and the raven return to our rocks; the badger, otter, bustard, buzzard, kite and other beautiful creatures of long ago would again greet our sight. And who would not rather see these wild, lovely creatures about him than the swarms of dirty little bundles of human misery which have supplanted them?

Nothing in this age of social speculation is surprising, and we shall still live to see somebody supporting in earnest the cannibalism Dean Swift advocated in jest.

* * *

I am always a little timid about introducing the subject of mixed metaphors, as one has only to whisper the phrase and at once twoscore eager persons leap up and ask one whether one knows that Sir Boyle Roche asked that a rat which he smelt should be nipped in the bud, and that another orator declared that "Far down the trackless sea of time we see the footprints of an Unknown Hand." But a sentence in *Truth* impels me to take the risk. *Truth* is usually exceedingly well written; perhaps it was the excitement of the Crisis that made it emit the following observation on the Home Rule discussion:

> Exclusion was *a good horse to ride* while the Bill was *on the anvil*, but as *a workable proposition* it has always been *next door* to an absurdity.

The sentences before and after this one were in as unfortunate a position as the horse. SOLOMON EAGLE.

NEW NOVELS

Freedom. By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

A Lad of Kent. By HERBERT HARRISON. Macmillan. 6s.

The Waters of Twilight. By C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J. Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

The Mistaken Fury, and Other Lapses. By OSWALD COULDREY. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.

Of chances of marriage, if of nothing else, we suppose it is true that the higher you go the fewer. The authors of *Freedom* make it quite clear that neither money nor affection nor rank nor optimism suffices by itself for a happy marriage. A combination of the four does suffice: and we hasten to add that the main characters of the novel are equipped with the appropriate combination before the end. But the previous vicissitudes are many. Jennifer Mostyn, having been reared in luxury and contracted at an early age to an irritatingly eligible young man called Harold ("very tall—very slim—very Oxford"), who wants to protect and cherish her, naturally develops an abnormal longing to be unprotected and uncherished and to live her own life. She goes to stay with a bachelor-girl friend in London, and declares breathlessly near the end of her stay:

> I shall hate going back to Devonshire next week—simply hate it. I've enjoyed every hour—every second—that I've spent with Margot in this darling flat, and I've been to theatres—picture galleries—meetings of the Suffrage people and the Fabians—I've heard Bernard Shaw speak.

As a natural result of these unsettling experiences she runs away on her wedding-day, not entirely of her "free will and mere motion" (as the King appoints Professors), but partly by the aid of a carriage accident. There is Harold a-waiting at the church, surrounded by the expectant County. But he takes it like a gentleman, and comes to see Jennifer and her friend Margot in their London flat, and takes all the blame on himself—and marries Margot. Jennifer meanwhile has found it perfectly horrid to do without protection and luxury. She designs, but editors are unmoved by her designs; it takes her some time to get any work at all, and when she does she shortly abandons it in favour of Richard Clay, a quixotic and impulsive person who has lost most of his money in a foolish speculation and takes up one scheme after another, whether of regenerating the world or earning a living, with restless inconsequence. Their income is small, and they have children, and Jennifer is harassed and worried. But Richard hits on the way out. He writes to an old friend of his, "the editor of a very well-known magazine," and asks him to consider a series of articles "dealing with burning topics of the day." We are told: "Richard signed his name to his letter, sealed it down, and stamped it"—you see, he was taking no chances. "The big editor wrote to say that he would be delighted to give the most careful consideration to the series of articles which Richard thought of writing." This is the beginning of the happy end. We leave Mr. and Mrs. Richard Clay living in "a large, roomy house," surrounded by "a staff of well-trained servants." They have "made a big reputation for themselves—Richard by his books and Jennifer by her clever black-and-white work." Thus do they realise the ideal of freedom—working together and enjoying themselves together. A simple, straightforward, readable story.

If we do not find *A Lad of Kent* readable, the fault is doubtless largely our own. All the ingredients are here: plots and counterplots, smugglers and sheep-stealers; the titles of the chapters hold out infinite promise—"How I Fought for my Life in the Roadside Hovel," "How the Press-gang came Ashore," for instance. Moreover, the ingredients are conscientiously mixed, and the local and temporal colour sufficiently, but not obtrusively, included in the mixture. And the apparently disconnected episodes fall into their places when we learn at last the secret of the hero's birth, and the motive of the villain for planning his death. But it all leaves us cold. "Where is it now, the glory and the dream?" We do not feel quite sure with what class of writers Mr. Harrison is challenging comparison. The sort of thing he does has been done so infinitely better by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Mr. Stanley Weyman. But if he does not aspire to the company of those who transmute adventure by the touch of art, if he has aimed merely at producing a good book for boys, we think he has succeeded. Our own failure to enjoy his success is due to our advancing years.

In both *The Waters of Twilight* and *The Mistaken Fury* we find ourselves in that world of exquisite culture where words are weighed to the fraction of a scruple, and grace is always trembling over into preciosity. Languages and literatures, ancient and modern, pictures and music!—all the intellectual apparatus of our self-conscious civilisation is apparently at the disposal of both these otherwise so different authors. *The Waters of Twilight* is not quite a novel nor quite a series of sketches: it recounts (in the first person) episodes in the lives of Angela, of Dolly (which is to say, Adolphus), whom Angela marries, and who is the son and heir of an earl, of Dolly's younger brother Odo, and of Angela's brother (who tells the tale). They all have more money and time than can possibly be good for anyone, and they travel about and soak themselves in æsthetic experience. Scenery and music and conversation merge continually into the interpretation of the Roman Catholic Church, yet we do not think the book is in the least meant to preach or to convert. No; we think it is a book meant for those who share its author's faith, and especially for those of them who share also his knowledge of the arts and the world: so that to praise or blame it would seem irrelevant. The faith which inspires it is not allowed to deal merely with the intellectual adventures of the characters: it is deep in the emotional life, and at the end it transcends a ghastly catastrophe. No external quotation or brief description can give any idea of the delicacy with which the characters are revealed, or the subtlety with which the religious significance of thoughts and scenes is analysed. It is perhaps permissible to wish that the culture were a little less conscious, but the fact that the book is admirably written may be proved by any passage, however casually chosen. Take this:

> Just paler than the earth lay the ruined Thamugadi, ruined, yet intact in death as though embalmed. Exhausted and bloodless the ruins lay, a vast tragedy; empty articulations of streets; steps leading upwards into vacuity, cheated of climbing footfall; shrines and house-doors that seemed like faces grown blind, yet still staring in expectancy; theatres and markets potent with no idols more; ponderous arches where no soldiers should clank echoingly through, but perches, now, for whole families of storks, pale gold or purple as they faced, or stood against, the west. Above all, columns rose, hundreds upon hundreds; bleached ribs, they, of a desiccated skeleton. Especially the two columns of the Capitol stood up emphatic and personal; but even these, in the gradual blending of all tints, were melting into their undifferentiated background.

"Emphatic and personal"—a little precious, you think? Well, perhaps. But very careful and skilful writing.

The Mistaken Fury is a succession of whimsical, fanciful sketches—of how larks are descended from "a human youth, a pupil in a school," whose life "was embittered by a savage pedagogue," so that "he prayed to Minerva often that he might be changed into a bird," and "at last, when it was now the third day he had written out the verb τύπτω six times," the goddess changed him into a skylark, and he

" fled out of the window to 'a feathered shape and a sweet life removed from tears,'" and now you can hear the lark in his song conjugating the verb τύπτω and conjugating it all wrong: also of how the business of Love has outgrown the capacity of a single god, so that "there has grown up throughout the ages a vast organisation, whose headquarters is the god's own Cyprian home": and of how Odysseus really impressed the civilised folk of Phæacia, and what talk there was about him and Nausicaa: and of how the sixteenth-century astrologer found the elixir of life by the simple expedient of kissing a girl: and of how a junior dean was haunted by one of the Eumenides (the sole survivor), who wrongly conceived him to have "dyed his hands in his parent's blood"—and so on, always, or almost always, with exactness of phrase and geniality of humour. Mr. Couldrey confesses to being a schoolmaster. It is well known that one schoolmaster, aggrieved by a letter from a pupil's mother, declared: "Parents are the last people who ought to have children." We have always felt that parents might retort: "Schoolmasters are the last people who ought to keep schools." We are prepared to allow a conspicuous exception in the person of Mr. Couldrey. No one could want to be taught, say, classics by a more sympathetic master than the writer who conceived the following dialogue between a Dean and a Fury:

"Do you deny your crime?" she said.

"My good woman, I have done nothing else from the first. Will you be convinced if I show you my father himself?"

She was sometimes a little deaf. The Dean had to repeat his question. But when she understood she broke into cracked laughter.

"Assuredly, yes," she said, between her chuckles.

"I think I can manage it," said the Dean. "Will you give me a week?"

"Yes," she answered, "I will give you a week," and she continued to shake with senile hilarity.

The Dean was nettled, in spite of his belief.

"It is a pity you cannot read," he said, in a biting tone. "There is a copy of *Sherlock Holmes* on the side-table. A course of it might do you good." And he bounced into his bedroom and slammed the door.

But the night was not to be quite so uneventful as the night before. Presently he heard her snuffling about under the door of his bedroom, and after a while she pushed it open.

He went to the door and expostulated. He said she really must not come into his bedroom. She was very obstinate.

"It is one of our principal duties, sir, to trouble the sleep of our victims," she said, almost pleadingly.

Only one who had confronted with understanding the grim powers of the ancient mythology would dare (or, for that matter, could manage) to resuscitate them with so modern a flippancy.

THE DAILY ROUND

The Psychopathology of Everyday Life. By Professor Dr. SIGMUND FREUD, LL.D. Authorised English edition, with Introduction by A. A. BRILL, Ph.B., M.D. Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

Professor Freud is utterly disarming in his ingenuous candour. His method of psycho-analysis, of course, entails a continual examination of his own motives, and he draws necessarily on his own experience to illustrate and embellish his subject. Whether he is telling us how he tried to excuse himself to his wife for not having called for her punctually at the theatre, or recalling how he "wished to relate" a certain anecdote to a chance acquaintance in a train, but forbore to do so because it was of a sexual kind, and he "did not wish to touch upon such a delicate theme in conversation with a stranger," the impression is always one of absolute simplicity and sincerity. Fortunately, Professor Freud's reputation stands too high for his results to be dismissed lightly in consequence of this apparently trivial treatment. It is recognised by psychologists that, whatever value those results possess, they possess that value largely because of the patience with which the most minute and ordinary facts have been examined in the attainment of them. Almost all the examples in this somewhat bulky volume are drawn from everyday experience. The examples, of course, do not prove the theories. They fit them, which is a very different thing. Alternative explanations might do so almost or quite as well. The real strength of the Freudian position lies in something which in this book is only indirectly touched upon—the proved value in medical science of the psycho-analytic method.

We all suffer more or less at times from the symptoms here grouped under the terrifying head of "psycho-pathology"—forgetting of proper names, of foreign words, of the order of words; saying or writing something different from what we intended to say or write; reading something different from what is actually on the page before us; intending to keep an engagement or return a loan and then forgetting to do so; intending to do one thing and absent-mindedly doing something else—and so forth. We explain it all, or rather describe it, by various phrases: we say that we are careless, or forgetful, or dreamy, or that we are suffering from aphasia: we exclaim petulantly (if we are not scrupulous about novelty of phrasing) "I shall forget my own name next." And we think little more about it. But Professor Freud remorselessly and untiringly brings all these details of everyday life under the head of a single theory—the same, of course, as that which governs his interpretation of dreams. Here is the last sentence in his book, with his own italics:

> But the common character of the mildest as well as the severest cases, to which the faulty and chance actions contribute, lies *in the ability to refer the phenomena to unwelcome, repressed, psychic material, which, though pushed away from consciousness, is nevertheless not robbed of all capacity to express itself.*

Put in its crudest form, the explanation which is offered us of forgetfulness and mistakes is that they express a subconscious (or, as Professor Freud has it, an unconscious) desire. You misquote a passage—why? Because the correct words would remind you of some painful memory, and they are, therefore, in self-protection rejected by you before they come to your consciousness, and other words substituted. You forget a name—why? Because it would, if remembered, suggest—though only, in most cases, by a most elaborate and roundabout connection—something which your subconsciousness prefers to forget. You promise to return a book next time you go to see a friend: when the time comes you set out without the book—why? Your subconscious desire to keep the book is stronger than your conscious intention.

Some of the instances given are as crude as this statement of their explanation. Others involve connections so difficult as to be almost unintelligible; nor, we are bound to say, does the translation help towards lucidity. It is often awkward and once or twice positively ungrammatical; for instance, "No other group of phenomena is better qualified to demonstrate the thesis that lack of attention does not in itself suffice to explain faulty acts as the forgetting of intentions." But every page is interesting nevertheless. The longer instances, naturally, have the greater interest; we are compelled by lack of space to confine quotation to the shorter. It may be as well to choose one which illustrates, not the straightforward suppression of what is painful, but a subtler variety—the intrusion of the "family-complex." We do not suspect Professor Freud of the cynical sugges-

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tion that the family is always something which the subconscious self would prefer to forget; on the contrary, this seems to be one of the cases where the statement given above is too narrow. Even Professor Freud himself, however, makes his statement at once too narrow and too strong:

> When I analyse those cases of name-forgetting occurring in myself, I find almost regularly that the name withheld shows some relation to a theme which concerns my own person, and is apt to provoke in me strong and often painful emotions.

To come now to the instance. We have selected one closely following the words just quoted:

> When about to buy a railroad ticket on the Reichenhall Station, I could not recall the very familiar name of the next big railroad station which I had so often passed. I was forced to look it up in the time-table. The name was Rosehome (Rosenheim). I soon discovered through what associations I lost it. An hour earlier I had visited my sister in her home near Reichenhall; my sister's name is Rose, hence also a Rosehome. This name was taken away by my "family-complex."

What is there of "painful" or even "strong" emotion here? Yet too much widening of the theory will obviously not do. For if *any* of our memories may be "taken away" by *any* complex under which can be brought *any* "theme concerning our own person," we have merely arrived at a long way of saying that one thought is displaced by another. Professor Freud is out to prove something far more definite than that! "In a series of cases the origins of the disturbing thoughts can be readily traced to repressed emotions of the psychic life." And where they cannot be readily traced, we take it, they may yet be presumed to be there.

Some of the applications of the Freudian theory invite easy ridicule. It is simple enough to believe that when Portia unintentionally said: "One half of me is yours, the other half yours," she was betraying a concealed wish; but are "spoonerisms" to be so interpreted? Did anybody ever conceal or repress a half-formed wish for a half-warmed fish? Be that as it may, the serious corollaries of even so many of psycho-analytic results as seem beyond dispute are exceedingly important. There is the medical corollary: if "the appearance of the incorrect function is explained through the peculiar interference of two or more correct actions," clearly the treatment indicated is different from what would be required if abnormal psychic processes were "determined by deep-seated decay of psychic activity." There is the ethical corollary: if your apparently innocent and unintentional neglect of your promise or your duty is really due to your own unwillingness (even if unconscious unwillingness) to do what is right, what about the criminal whom we so lightly assume to have consciously intended his crime? Where is the line between guilt and error to be drawn? Lastly, there is the metaphysical corollary: if, as Professor Freud maintains, the "intense feeling of conviction that there is a free will" "does not manifest itself in weighty and important decisions," while in trivial matters an "unconscious motivation" is continuously at work, "what is thus left free from the one side receives its motive from the other side, from the unconscious, and the determinism in the psychic realm is thus carried out uninterruptedly." But after all this is only the beginning of the metaphysical enquiry; it is no conclusion. The freedom of the will does not stand or fall with any "feeling of conviction," and psychology has its own most important and most interesting sphere to operate in, without concerning itself with philosophy. In Professor Freud's hands, at any rate (we wonder if our "professional-complex" is responsible for this confusion of metaphors?), it can stand on its own feet.

RECENT VERSE

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Apes and Peacocks. By NORMAN BOOTHROYD. Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.

The Golden Heresy. By MAX PLOWMAN. Published by the Author at 48 Fitzroy Street. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Sturge Moore is certainly one of the most distinguished of living English writers, but we can well imagine that he will never be popular. He has no tripping tunes, and, though he occasionally has a grave, rugged music of his own, his verse is never conspicuously melodious or fluent. He uses some of the common stock-in-trade of the day; he is scarcely ever sentimental; he does not adopt conventional attitudes of the mind; his imagery is his own; and though he has written many most beautiful passages of imaginative description, he does not scene-paint for the reader who is too lazy to exert his own imagination. There are obvious faults in him. His roughness sometimes becomes most ungainly awkwardness; his determination to exercise his mind sometimes makes him attempt to reach things beyond his grasp and gives the impression of a man buried alive struggling beneath mounds of heavy earth; and his habit of resolutely individual thinking occasionally leads him to stand silent upon a peak in Darien and gaze out over a broad Platitude. But energy, thorough honesty, moral grandeur, imaginative power, and stubborn combat with the difficulties of his art are evident in almost everything he writes, and his most successful poems (which, naturally under the circumstances, are not his shortest ones) are amongst the finest literature of our generation. Reading such poems as *The Rout of the Amazons*, *The Gazelles*, *The Vinedresser*, and *The Centaur's Booty*, we cease to be conscious of his struggles to think largely and clearly and to make his expression conform to his thought: we are conscious only of the power and beauty of the achieved result.

Of these only *The Vinedresser*, that serene and perfectly shaped picture of Hellenic Sicily, is included in the present volume, which contains also a number of Mr. Moore's early poems and many recent ones. *The Sea is Kind*, a long idyll, is not as good as others he has written, though there are fine passages in it, such as the description of Salamis as seen by the nymph from the sea-floor: the shadows of the ships scudding like clouds over the sand, the flock of black Greek keels, streamered with foam, hurrying on towards "that larger green-beclouding phalanx," the confusion of the battle, and then the fall of the men through the sea:

> Slain men as slowly,
> Though weighted with much armour,
> Turned, twirled like down in air.
> Thus in that Persian autumn
> The fall of men began:
> As dead bird leaf-resisted
> Shot on tall plane tree's top,
> Down, never truly stopping,
> Through green translucence dropping,
> They often seemed to stop.

All through this poem beautiful images are sprinkled; but it suffers as we read it by comparison with better poems of the same type that Mr. Moore has written. *The Panther* and *The Serpent*, *The Deed* and many of the lyrics, are also full of thought and vision; but we feel that the reader who is first introduced to Mr. Moore by this volume will be at a

disadvantage. What we should like to see published would be a volume of selected poems giving the best of those in this collection with the bulk of those in the six little brown-paper books published about ten years ago. Such a selection would certainly surprise such intelligent readers of poetry—and one meets them—who do not yet realise how considerable an amount of fine and (we believe) lasting creative work he has produced.

Miss Macaulay, who has deservedly won a reputation as a novelist, has more imagination than command over verse. Her lines limp most awkwardly at times; what she can do in the way of bad accentuation may be illustrated with the stanza:

> But and if they called him they were not heard
> And he might cry to them in vain;
> Between them and him not the least small word
> Could pass again.

Her vocabulary, moreover—we should not like to count the recurrences of such words as blind, grey, dim, blue, and soft—is largely of so hackneyed a character that her own forceful personal words stick out from it like stones from mud. Nevertheless she is always interesting, and her visions of the grim past surging through the present and the terrible unknown looming behind the peaceable familiar are quite individual and in places convincing. Her best poem is *Trinity Sunday*: on a fine morning in Cambridge the bells shake and rend the air, and through the torn veil peer the sprawling, wading bog-beasts that swam in King's Parade "the days it was a marshy fen."

Mr. Holley's lyre, like the Æolian harp, depends on wind. When we saw the title of his book we expected to get either contorted word-paintings of the visible world or an attempt to express inner essentials. But no. Mr. Holley's reason for calling himself a Post-Impressionist is, apparently, the irregularity of the length of his lines. Unhappily, the unevennesses of lengths are with him quite arbitrary, and correspond to nothing; the words could equally well be re-arranged in lines of quite different lengths. And his sentiments and language are, as we have indicated, about as vague and windy as they could be:

> O last, unassailable perfect triumph of life,
> The very signal of attained being to avidest men:
> When the bound, slow-groping, panting soul
> Abruptly rises to freedom, joyously perceptive
> In presence of some unexpected beautiful thing.

This is characteristic. Cézanne and Gauguin would not own this disciple; they might perhaps pass him on for treatment to Signor Marinetti, who has declared war on the adjective.

Apes and Peacocks as a title; a Beardsleyesque drawing as a frontispiece; an extract from Fiona Macleod on the flyleaf; and a Villanelle about unicorns and "awful beasts" on the third page of text. You know it? You know that a little farther on you will come to a Nightmare; to beryls and cornelians, jasper and amethyst; to "things no man may tell" and—this is a short step—to Hell? To do Mr. Boothroyd justice, he seems to have qualms about this sort of thing, for later on he prints poems which, we take it (we hope we are not being unfairly kind to him), are parodies of himself. There is, for instance, a sonnet beginning:

> The clock struck twelve, and with the last deep toll
> There came a mighty woman with a cowl:
> And on her shoulder sat a milk-white owl
> In contrast with her sombre camisole.
> And at her heels she led a little mole,
> Which—when I looked at it—began to growl,
> Until the woman with ferocious scowl
> Bent down and fed it with a piece of coal.

After this Mr. Max Plowman is refreshing, for although his writing is rough and his language commonplace, he is at any rate trying to think for himself and to say what he feels and not what he has heard someone else say. One cannot repress an occasional smile at expressions from which a sense of humour might have saved Mr. Plowman, but there are some poems in the book almost free from such expressions—as *Take us the Foxes, Her Beauty*, and *The Bather*, which last in its freshness of approach to the subject (but why call the bather "fair son of Aphrodite"?) reminds one of Mr. Sturge Moore.

THE ECONOMICS OF UNEMPLOYMENT

Unemployment. By A. C. PIGOU. Home University Library. Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.

It is still not uncommon for Socialists to speak of Professors of Political Economy as persons who excogitate abstract theories of economics with a total disregard of the facts of everyday industrial life. Whatever we may think of the opinions of academic economic teachers, this accusation is at the present time no longer justified. There is now no more "general theory" in the academic classroom than in the propaganda of Socialism. Professor Pigou's text-book on unemployment teems with references to official publications and realistic studies which have dealt with the problem. No critic can accuse him of not having made use of the available printed sources of information. He claims also to have made "an earnest endeavour to avoid the use of technical terms," and "to conduct the discussion in such language and such manner as to be intelligible to the ordinary citizen." None the less the book must be pronounced to be profoundly disappointing. As an intellectual performance it is, like most of Professor Pigou's writings, remarkable. But, in spite of his "earnest endeavour" to be lucid, there is a stilted formality about his method of statement which will excite despair if not repulsion in the average man.

Often the train of reasoning seems merely to result in converting plain Saxon horse-sense into an excessively Latinised terminology. And is it not darkening counsel with words to spend six pages in analysing the meaning of "that elusive concept, fluctuating character" in the demand for labour, and in arriving at the conclusion that "the average volume of unemployment in any country is likely to be greater the greater is the amount of fluctuating character in the demand for labour there"?

There is, as we have said, no neglect of facts and realistic investigation in this book. But facts must be seen through spectacles of one colour or another, and we are not convinced that the Cambridge conception of "impartiality," of which we hear so much in connection with history and economics, really represents a perfectly pellucid unstained glass. Professor Pigou lays particular emphasis upon the effect of rigid wage-rates in causing unemployment. On the strength of a single Board of Trade statement (itself supported solely by the evidence of a single German economist) to the effect that standard rates do not prevail in Germany to the same extent as in this country, he implies that British trade unions would be well advised to insist less stringently upon the principle of the standard rate. The theoretical case for plasticity of wage-rates which Professor Pigou puts forward may or may not be valid in the light of his assumptions. But does Professor Pigou seriously think that at the present moment in England the most important point to emphasize in a discussion of unemployment addressed largely to wage-earners is the theoretical disadvantage of rigid wage-rates as being a possible source of unemployment? We know, as a matter of fact, that wages do fluctuate in many occupations in accordance with the state of trade, and that probably the average rate of remuneration for each worker in the nation

follows the same course. But when we find an economist laying more stress on the advantages of willingness on the part of the workers to accept a lower rate of wages in bad trade than on any other line of policy as a cure for unemployment, then we cannot help feeling that we are not beyond the reach of class bias, however genuine may be the effort for impartiality.

But we do not wish to give the impression that Professor Pigou is in any sense a general "reactionary." He finds somewhat elaborate arguments for endorsing most of the lines of progress for dealing with unemployment which practical men have come to accept. An appreciation of these policies based less exclusively on the printed word would have enabled him to avoid a number of errors of fact. Thus it is not by any means true, as he has been led to imagine by descriptions of dock labour, that "a man who has been employed before on a particular employer's job is not appreciably more valuable to him than one who has not been so employed." One of the main practical difficulties in dealing with the problem of casual dock labour is that the foreman does find it convenient to have a clientele consisting of the same men available for employment, largely because of the advantage to him of familiarity on the part of the man with his particular work, and of knowledge of the man's capacity. Again, the quotation from a French writer who states that workmen accustomed to machine-minding pass easily from the supervision of looms to boot-making machines, or from paper-making to spinning, is sheer nonsense, at least as far as England is concerned. It may be doubted whether there are a dozen press-men in all the British boot factories (to take a common, fairly low-grade type of machine work) or a single consol laster who have ever been weavers. And it is unlikely that a single ex-paper-maker is now minding a pair of mules, or would be able to persuade any employer to trust him with one. The common loose statements about the ease with which machine-minders pass from one industry to another need much qualification, though they are more true of America than of this country. Professor Pigou repeats the statement made by so many superficial observers of the British labour exchanges that they deal mainly with unskilled labour. This, of course, is simply not true, as the published statistics alone clearly testify.

AS OTHERS SEE US

La Formation Sociale de l'Anglais Moderne. Par PAUL DESCAMPS. Paris: Colin. 4 fr.

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The skill with which he determines the relation between cause and effect may be illustrated by reference to his account of British trade. He explains our supremacy as a business nation as the outcome not of commercial but of industrial and colonising genius. "The commerce of England is not the cause, but the consequence of her colonial expansion." In family, church, office, factory, school, and all the other institutions he has visited in England he has noted that imagination is not much in evidence. Everywhere the mobility of mind which constitutes the trader's temperament, and which gives rise to great variety of knowledge, is

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wanting. The base and substance of the Englishman's character is the sense of individual responsibility, which is deepened and confirmed by education from nursery to college. Thus attention, self-discipline, and continuity of effort fit him pre-eminently for the performance of the pattern tasks in which the machine industry that now governs the world consists. M. Descamps notes with admiration that officials, clerks, factory hands, and even schoolboys, all do their allotted work and further the interests of their employers without being watched. He mentions two spinning and weaving mills, one at Fourmies and the other at Rheims, both of which could be managed in England by a single superintendent receiving a salary of about £150 a year; but such is the inattention of the French workman that in the former, where eighty operatives are employed, there are three foremen whose combined salaries amount to £315 a year, while in the latter there is one overseer for every forty weavers, of whom there are two hundred. From facts like these he argues that the Englishman is superior as a member of society, but inferior as an individual to the Frenchman, to whom obedience and duteous conduct are harder, while both learning and invention are easier. In what way the initiative and independence of the former declare themselves, under these circumstances, he does not cogently demonstrate; and he leaves the impression on the reader's mind that after all the success of England has been due to luck in the shape of an abundant coal supply and an uncontrolled birth-rate, rather than to intelligence or character.

Some of his information, indeed, is oddly out of date, and suggests that he is thinking of the roast beef and plum pudding Anglo-Saxon of Dickens's day, rather than of the generation that is being educated out of insular prejudices by such institutions as the Optimists' Club, the Sales Managers' Association, and the Incorporated Society of Advertising Consultants. He states that fox-hunting is a source of hearty friendship between farmer and la dlord, discusses the administration of property bequeathed by will without mentioning the Public Trustee, and advises us to pay our Members of Parliament. But of such anachronisms M. Descamps has committed only a few. As a whole his book is a remarkably accurate study of English history in the making at the present time.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Problem of the Continuation School. By R. H. BEST and C. K. OGDEN. With an Introduction by Dr. GEORG KERSCHENSTEINER. P. S. King & Son. 1914. 1s. net.

This book, written by two apostles of Dr. Kerschensteiner, gives a handy and very interesting account of the continuation school system as it is seen at work in various cities of the German Empire. Its value is increased by a number of admirable photographs of school buildings and school workshops. Munich, with its classes for mechanics and coachmen, butchers and bakers, cooks and waiters, chimney-sweeps and shoemakers, naturally figures prominently. Besides describing the compulsory continuation schools, the authors devote an interesting chapter to the voluntary advanced classes for adults in trade subjects and industrial art, in which connection, however, it is well to remember that this country is not without many splendid examples.

On the constructive side the authors use German experience as the foundation on which to build a system of continuation schools in this country. They would begin with the elementary school for children up to fourteen years of age. Here there should be a preparation in drawing and handwork which would fit them for the trade school. The trade continuation school should be a day school, at which attendance between fourteen and sixteen years of age should ultimately become compulsory for a certain number of hours per week. These schools, it is suggested, should be controlled by the Board of Trade, following the lines of German examples. There does not seem, however, to be any sound reason why the supervision of these schools should not be given to the authority which is at present responsible for technical education. So far as skilled occupations are concerned, trade schools have much to recommend them; but it must be remembered that for a considerable proportion of the workers in industry they have, as generally conceived, little to offer. The value of the

book would have been greatly increased if the writers had dealt in more detail with the organisation and administration of compulsory continuation schools. But its account of German experience and practice is very useful.

Broad Street Ballads. By PADRAIC COLUM. Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Colum has collected here a number of songs from those which during the last century have been most popular in the English-speaking parts of Ireland. The sentimental ballads about willow-trees, May mornings, and true loves are very like English ones of the same type; the political songs are mostly rather stilted and journalesy; but one or two of the others have great merit. The best, and one of the best things of its kind in the language, is *The Night Before Larry was Stretched (Hanged)*, with its grim slang. The first verse runs:

> "The night before Larry was stretched
> The boys they all paid him a visit;
> A bait in their sacks, too, they fetched.
> They sweated their duds till they riz it;
> For Larry was ever the lad,
> When a boy was condemned to the squeezer,
> Would fence all the duds that he had
> To help a poor friend to a sneezer,
> And warm his gob 'fore he died."

Johnny, I Hardly Knew You has the same sort of force and humour. Mr. Colum's collection includes *The Shan Van Vocht, The Wearin' of the Green, Boyne Water, The Boys of Wexford*, as well as some ballads less well known. His introduction is sensible and informative, but we could have done with fuller notes. If this volume succeeds, we hope Mr. Colum will make a larger collection. Ballad-singers, many of whose functions are now performed by leader-writers, are becoming rarer and their songs become less easily accessible each year.

The Power of Ideals in American History. By EPHRAIM DOUGLASS ADAMS. Oxford University Press, for the Yale University Press. 5s. net.

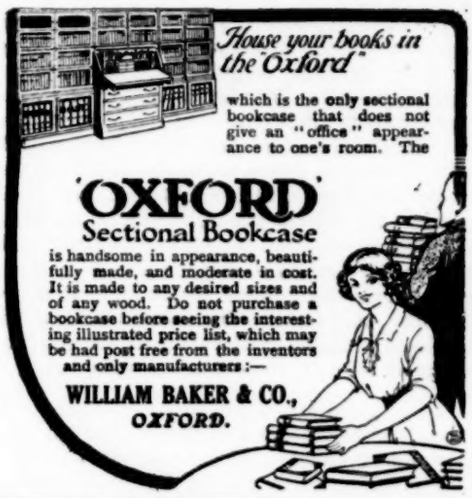
The purpose of these five lectures is to counteract the spread of the "materialist conception" of American history by selecting a few of the ideals which are claimed to have affected it, and describing their influence. These are nationality, anti-slavery, "manifest destiny," religion, and democracy. Professor Adams confines himself to demonstrating the mere existence of the sentiments in question, supporting his case by numerous quotations from poets inspired by these ideals. While we are by no means concerned to deny the entire justification of the Professor's thesis, we may, however, point out that the answer to be made by the follower of the "materialist conception" is obvious.

Romances of the Peerage. By THORNTON HALL. Holden & Hardingham. 12s. 6d.

This superfluous volume contains thirty-five tabloid "romances," averaging ten pages each. Most of them have already been exploited far more than they deserve. There ought to be a publishers' convention to refrain from bringing into the world for at least ten years any more books about Hortense Mancini, Barbara Villiers, Nelson's Emma, the Countess de Grammont, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and a few other "single ladies," as Mr. Belloc has called them. Taken individually these are bad enough, but the appearance of the whole crew within the covers of a single book is distinctly unwholesome.

THE CITY

I AM sorry for the financial writer who has to turn out a daily article on the stock markets, for there is really no feature of outstanding importance upon which to comment. Even changes in French Ministries do not occur more frequently than twice a week, and the reference to Paris as a cause of unsettled markets is played out. Mexico is almost forgotten except by those unfortunate people who hold investments in that country. There remains the Irish question, which, when Ascot is over, may again attract attention. There is a rumour in City circles that the next day or two will bring good news, so far as markets are concerned, with regard to Ireland. As a rule when things are depressed it is only unfavourable rumours which circulate; so there may be something in it. Holders of Home Railway securities are somewhat glum at the strength shown by the men's union at its conference, and it is noteworthy that Sir Charles Owens, at the Royal Commission, himself a bitter opponent of Railway Nationalisation, made the very mild statement on behalf of the Railway



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Companies' Association, which is largely composed of chairmen of railway companies, that he was not commissioned to express any opinion on the subject as representing them, as they would wish to consult their shareholders before expressing their views. The fact is that the railway authorities are becoming apprehensive of the power of the men's unions. It is unfortunate from the railway stockholders' point of view that the labour position should be so unsettled, for without that there is little doubt that there would be a good demand for railway stocks, the numerous disappointments that investors have received from their holdings of foreign securities tending to drive them into Home Stocks. If a compromise should suddenly be arrived at over the Irish difficulty, markets generally should witness a sharp rise. There is plenty of capital available for investment, but people are holding off until the outlook is less obscure.

* * *

The one section of the investment market which has shown notable firmness is that of Brazil Railway issues, which have risen sharply during the week. This is due to the belief that one of the conditions on which the new loan is being granted to Brazil is that it shall immediately settle its indebtedness towards that Company. No official statement appears to have been made as to what this indebtedness is. In some quarters it is believed to be a little over a million, but I have been told by a gentleman who is in close touch with those who know that the amount is nearer four millions, and that it is due principally for new construction which the Company is bound to carry out according to its agreements with the Government. The same authority tells me that the Company has lost nothing by the recent fall of the Brazilian exchange, for instead of remitting from Brazil to Europe at the low rate, it has borrowed from its bankers the amount necessary here to meet interest and other requirements, and has utilised its funds in Brazil for construction purposes and other local expenditure. The Brazilian exchange is now up again, and if, as seems practically assured, the Company receives large payments from the Brazil Government, its position should be considerably improved. My informant stated that in his opinion the Company would not default on any of its securities and that it would pull through successfully. This is much to be desired, for with the exception of Mexicans there is no section in which the fall has been so disastrous as in the securities of the Brazil Railway Company.

* * *

On March 14th last reference was made in these notes to the issue of a prospectus by a new company, the Russian Corporation, offering 1,000,000 shares of £1 each, at 21s. per share. The public applied for only about one quarter of the shares offered, but as the issue was underwritten, the Company's capital has been fully subscribed. The statutory meeting was held on the 12th inst., when the chairman was able to state that, as the premium of one shilling per share was sufficient to meet all the preliminary expenses of the Company, including underwriting commission and brokerage, it had its subscribed capital of a million free from all preliminary expenditure and with a surplus of about £10,000. From the point of view of the Company itself, this is very satisfactory, although it is, of course, at the expense of the original shareholders, who really contributed one shilling per share to meet the initial cost of the concern. In his speech, the chairman, Mr. Andrew W. Tait, pointed out that, whereas some £250,000,000 of British capital were invested in Brazil, and over £300,000,000 in the Argentine, only about £100,000,000 were thus far invested in Russia. France has invested in that country approximately £450,000,000 and Germany approximately £200,000,000. Owing, no doubt, to the large amount left with underwriters, some of the Company's shares can be picked up at about 18s.—*i.e.*, 3s. below the price at which they were subscribed three months ago—and at this price they certainly appear cheap. It is, of course, notorious that the political position in Russia is most unsatisfactory, and troublous times probably lie ahead of that country; on the other hand, the security of the Russian Government and Municipal Loans—or, at any rate, the Loans of the principal cities—is beyond dispute, and the Russian Corporation is so closely allied with the principal banks of the Empire that it will be strange if it does not earn good dividends for its shareholders.

EMIL DAVIES.

FINANCIAL ITEMS

Australian Estates and Mortgage.—*Au fond*, the world's wealth depends upon good crops and these are settled by the weather. Under the stimulus of a few favourable years, all classes of industry develop. In such circumstances the form of government a country possesses is unimportant, provided it is peaceful. The weather of 1913 was favourable to Australia, hence its recent great stride forward, indicated on the one hand by the success of its pastoral companies, and on the other by the ease with which its Government can raise funds in Great Britain. Eleven years ago the Australian Estates and Mortgage Co. had no reserve fund and its profit and loss account showed a balance of £387,000 on the wrong side. Since then its capital has been reorganised, its properties revalued and written down. In 1912 its revenue suffered slightly from the weather, but for 1913 its gross profits have increased by £49,000 to £250,000. Its first dividend on shares was 5 per cent. for 1910; there was 5 per cent. for 1911, and 6 per cent. for 1912. For 1913 the distribution is 9 per cent. Naturally, Mr. Williamson is "thankful for the wonderful succession of good seasons." But he is cautious. He regards the immediate future as encouraging—and places £60,000 to reserve. There are still rabbits, blow-flies and dingoes to be reckoned with; they come and go and nobody knows why. Of course, the board try to minimise Nature's more unpleasant caprices—artesian wells, fencing, clearing, improved stock and machinery are all adjuncts of success, though they cannot create it. That is chiefly due to "acts of God," as the insurance policies put it.

Singapore Electric Trams.—The tremendous development in plantation rubber has greatly increased the importance of Singapore, which is now one of the world's busiest ports. Up to the present its tramway system, which is owned by an English company, has been anything but a success. Recently, however, it reduced its capital by 75 per cent., by cutting down its £1 shares to the nominal value of 5s., and it appears as though the company will now make headway. Shareholders were hoping for a dividend—they have had none so far—but although the accounts show a profit (for the first time) equal to over 9 per cent. on the reduced capital, the directors are clearly right in refusing a distribution. It is practically promised for next year, but as £20,000 is required for new machinery already shipped, and a parallel line is badly needed through the densest part of Singapore, it is doubtful whether the programme will be carried through in the desired order. Experience shows that profits from the electric lighting and power side of companies such as this tend to overtake the revenue from the tramway side. The company has a satisfactory lighting and power contract with the municipality and we look for steady progress in the future.

A. J. White (Proprietors of "Mother Seigel's Syrup").—As one of the shareholders remarked at the annual meeting of this company, some people "swear by" this firm's concoction. In the early days its proprietors undoubtedly made money, for they sold it to a company capitalised at £1,000,000, of which some nine-tenths represented the value at which the company took over the goodwill, trade marks, etc. As a limited company it steadily declined in earning power until there was no expedient left but to expel the "water" from the capital. Hence, in 1912, the 6 per cent. Preference shares were written down by 50 per cent. and the Ordinary by 90 per cent. Goodwill was reduced by some £640,000—eloquent testimony to the original financial scheme. For the year ended March, 1913, the company paid 5 per cent. (on the reduced capital). This year it pays 10 per cent.—practically the whole of its earnings. Not a penny goes to reserve. A joyful shareholder remarked that "in spite of two years of National Insurance Mother Seigel's Syrup had held its own." Mr. Lloyd George and Mother Seigel should toss for the compliment.

Fletchers (Meat Importers).—The Messrs. Vestey, who have done so much for the Union Cold Storage Co., surely cannot be proud of the achievements of Fletchers since the public were invited to subscribe for its Preference shares and debentures. The 1912–13 profits were £11,500, and for 1913–14, £13,100. This covers the Preference dividend but leaves practically nothing over. For the cancellation of a further £10,000 of debentures the gentlemen named above must be thanked. They show an abounding confidence in the company which should go a long way to hearten the Preference shareholders, who subscribed upon the strength of their names on the prospectus.

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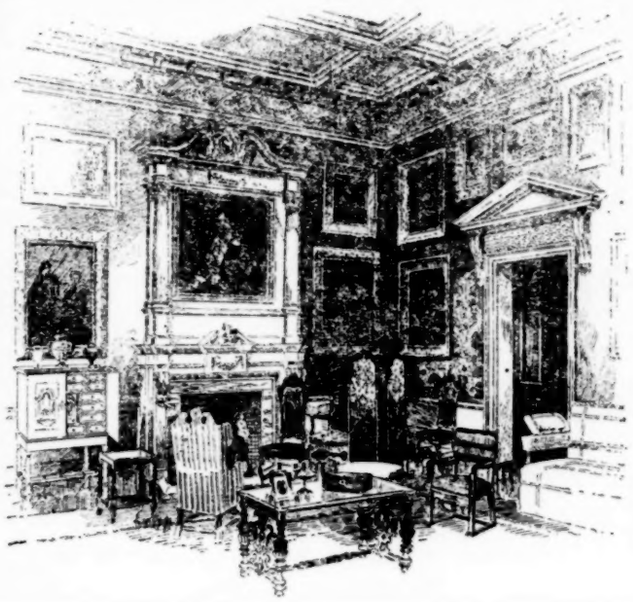

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